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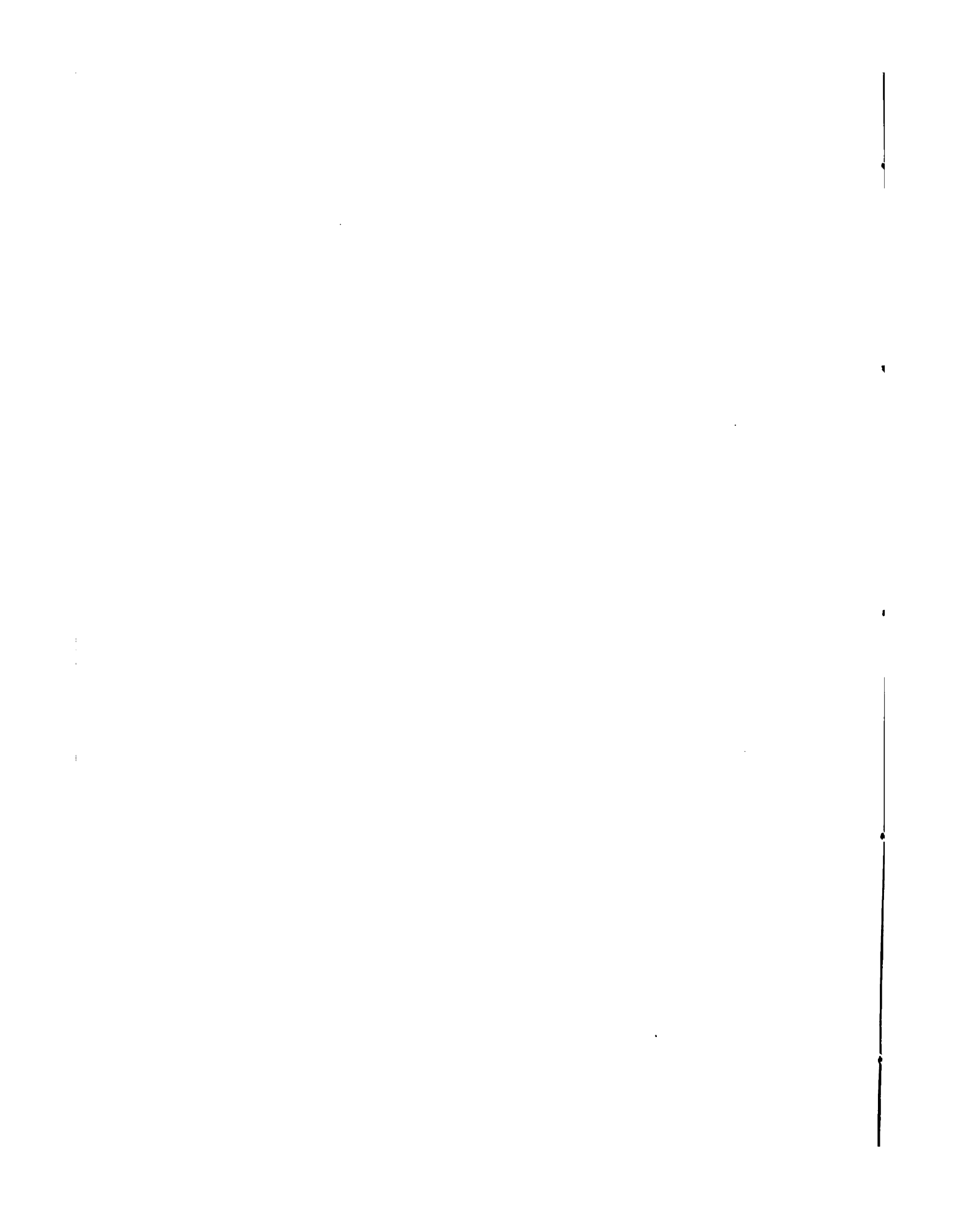
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# EARLY MARYLAND POETRY.

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THE WORKS OF EBENEZER COOK, GENT: LAUREAT  
OF MARYLAND, WITH AN APPENDIX CON-  
TAINING THE MOUSETRAP, EDITED  
BY BERNARD C. STEINER.





MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Fund Publication, No. 36.

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UNIVERSITY  
OF MARYLAND

Baltimore, 1900.



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PRINTED FOR  
no.36  
**THE MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
1900  
FROM THE INCOME OF  
Copy 2  
**THE PEABODY PUBLICATION FUND.**

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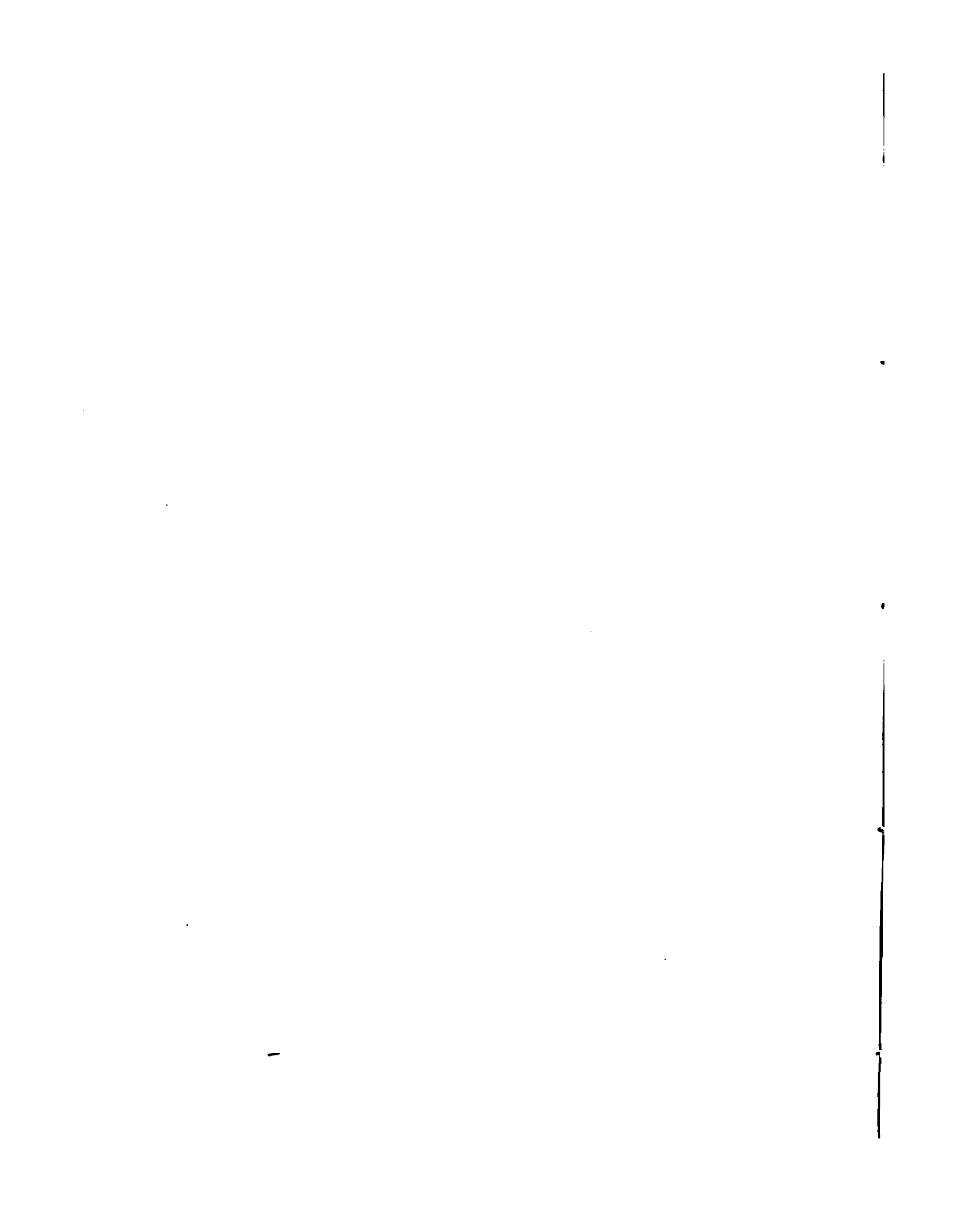
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## I. INTRODUCTION.

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In 1708, Ebenezer Cook, Gent., of whom we know nothing certainly save what can be gathered from his works, published in London a short satirical poem called the "Sot-Weed Factor." It may be useful to explain this title. In the Provincial days of Maryland, a factor was an agent of an English merchant, and sot-weed, *i. e.*, the weed which makes men besotted, was a slang name for tobacco, the staple of the Province. The poem contained twenty-one pages and purported to be a narrative of the experiences of the author in Maryland, whither he had come from England to "open store." Disgusted with the Province, he returned to England and drew a most unflattering picture of the new country, being a predecessor of Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, and the long line of Englishmen who brought back unfavorable impressions of America. Moses Coit Tyler in his fascinating *History of American Literature* (Vol. II, p. 255) characterizes the work as an "obvious extravaganza," in which a "vein of genuine and powerful satire is struck." In this verdict, every reader must join, though his further statement that the "autobiographic narrative" is "probably only a part of its robust and jocular mirth," will be questioned by many of us, who feel that there is convincing evidence in the story of the reality of some of the adventures described.

The work was reprinted in 1865 under the editorship of Col. Brantz Mayer, as number two of Shea's *Reprints of Southern Tracts*. Ten copies were issued on large, and one hundred and twenty-five on small paper. Mr. Mayer states that the poem had been reprinted, with a poem on Bacon's Rebellion, by Mr. Green, at Annapolis, in 1731. I have never seen the reprint but imagine that either the date, or the name of the printer, must have been incorrectly copied by Mr. Mayer, as Jonas Green did not come to Annapolis until 1740, and William Parks is the only printer

commonly supposed to have been there in 1731. Mr. Mayer says that this eighteenth century reprinter "cautiously reminds the reader" that the description was written twenty years ago and "did not agree with the condition of Annapolis," at the time of the reprint. The present is probably the fourth edition of the "Sot-Weed Factor."

Twenty-two years later, in 1730, William Parks, at Annapolis, printed for the author, "E. C. Gent," a poem of twenty-eight pages. The poem was entitled "Sot-Weed Redivivus," and the name of the poem, as well as the initials of the author, would make clear to us, what is made clearer by the poem, that it is either the work of our Ebenezer Cook, or of a clever imitator. Prof. Tyler considers that this poem lacks the wit of the earlier one (II, p. 260). We allow each reader to decide this point for himself. It will be noted that, instead of devoting all his attention to social life, the Sot-weed Factor discusses political affairs in the second poem. As far as I know, "Sot-Weed Redivivus" had never been reprinted, and is now reproduced from the copy in the John Carter Brown Library, to whose owner, Mr. John Nicholas Brown, and librarian, Mr. George P. Winship, our thanks are due for courtesies shown us.

It is possible that Ebenezer Cooke, an inhabitant of St. Mary's City in 1693, was the poet (*Md. Arch.*, Vol. 19, p. 75).

In the *Maryland Gazette* for December 17 to 24, 1728, published by William Parks, at Annapolis, is contained an Elegy on the Hon. Nicholas Lowe. This poem occupies an entire column of the paper and is signed by the well-known initials, E. C. This fact and the character of the poem readily induce us to attribute it to Ebenezer Cook, and it is reprinted here as the third of his works. To the initials in this case, however, is appended the mysterious word "Laureat." Of what was Cook the laureate? Can it be that Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore and fourth Lord Proprietary of the Province of Maryland, had appointed Cook his laureate, in imitation of the practice of the English royal court? Did he choose an official to prepare poems for solemn occasions of the State, as he did a chaplain? No answer to these queries has been found; but, as Col. Lowe was a member of His Lordship's Council, there is some plausibility in the claim that here was an official laureate in Maryland. This elegy had never

been reprinted, and my attention was called to it by that indefatigable student of Maryland history, Mr. Basil Sollers.

These constitute the only known works of Cook, but it has seemed worth while to add, as an appendix, a little poem entitled the "Mousetrap," being a translation of a Latin poem called "Muscipula." This poem is not of so great interest in itself, but seems worth reprinting, as the first literary production of Maryland's press, and as containing a long dedication to Benedict Leonard Calvert, then Governor of Maryland. This dedication deals with the condition of affairs in the Province, and throws some interesting side lights thereupon. The copy in the possession of the Society lacks a title page, but from Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana* we learn that the original Latin poem was written by Holdsworth, and that the translation was made by R. Lewis. As to who Lewis was, we know nothing, but his notes show him to have been a man of education and culture. Sabin speaks of the poem as of "great rarity." He adds, "It has a Latin as well as an English title. The three lines in Greek letters in the Latin title are supplied with a pen, the printer probably not having any Greek type." The same is true of the Greek word in page 43 of the notes.

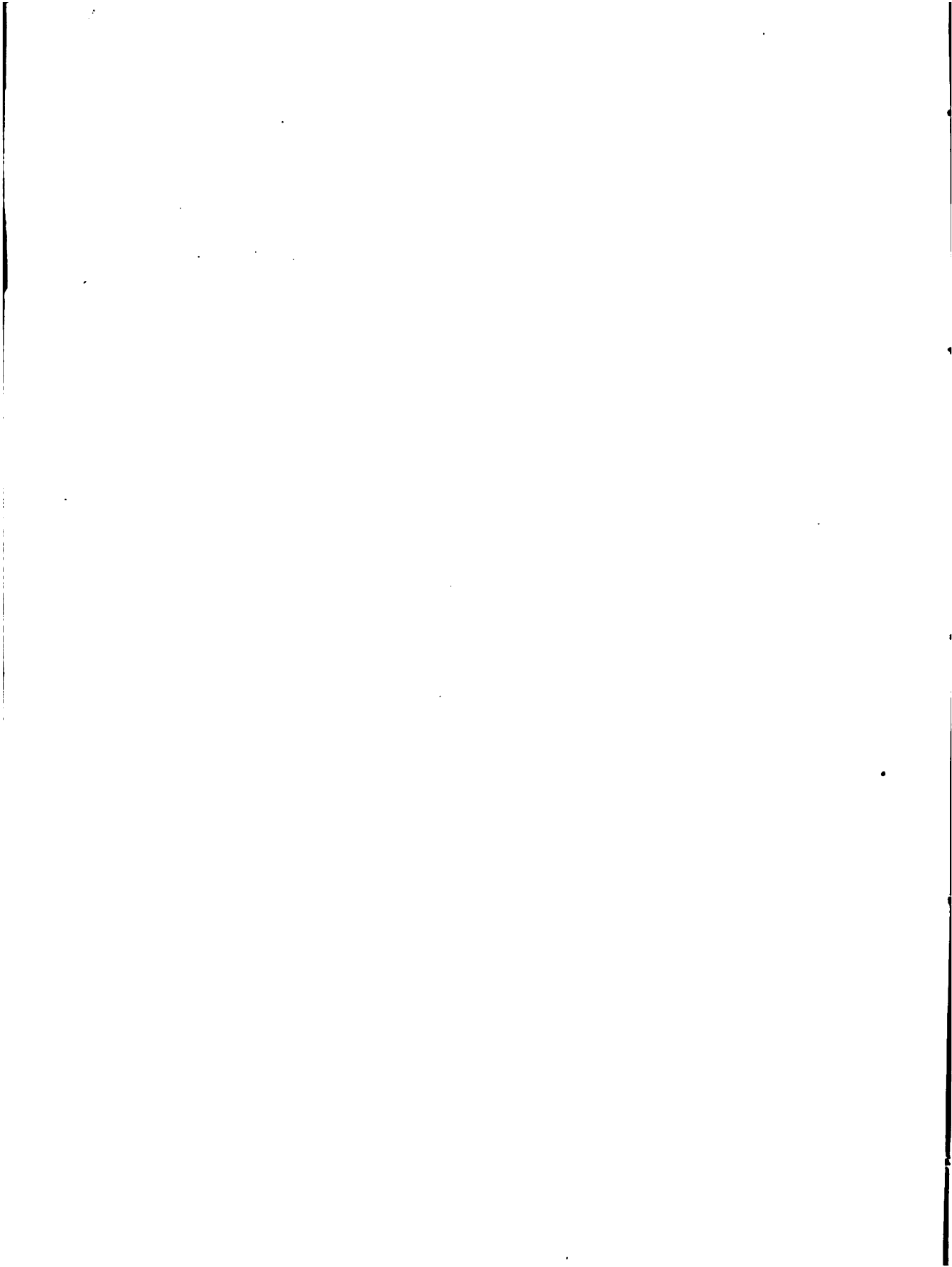
Here, then, is the beginning of literary life in the Province of Maryland. The reed on which the poets played may have been a slender one, but it was the first one heard among the plantations and the forests which bordered the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. It is believed that these poems throw important light on the social life of the Province in the early years of the eighteenth century.

Messrs. William Hand Browne, Kirby F. Smith and Christopher Johnston have kindly assisted in the preparation of this publication.

The editor's notes are marked in the text by numerals enclosed in brackets.

The pagination, capitalization and spelling of the original text is carefully preserved. In "Sot-Weed Redivivus" and the Dedication and poetical text of "Muscipula," the side paging is that of the original edition. The reprint of the "Sot-Weed Factor" in 1865 was inexact in many particulars. This reprint carefully follows the John Carter Brown copy. The signature letters and catchwords at the foot of the pages and the symbol VV for W have not been reproduced.





*in which is describ'd,* THE

# Sot-weed Factor:

Or, a Voyage to

# MARYLAND.

A

# SATYR.

*In which is describ'd,*

The Laws, Government, Courts and  
Constitutions of the Country; and also the  
Buildings, Feasts, Frolics, Entertainments  
and Drunken Humours of the Inhabitants of  
that Part of *America*.

---

In Burlesque Verse.

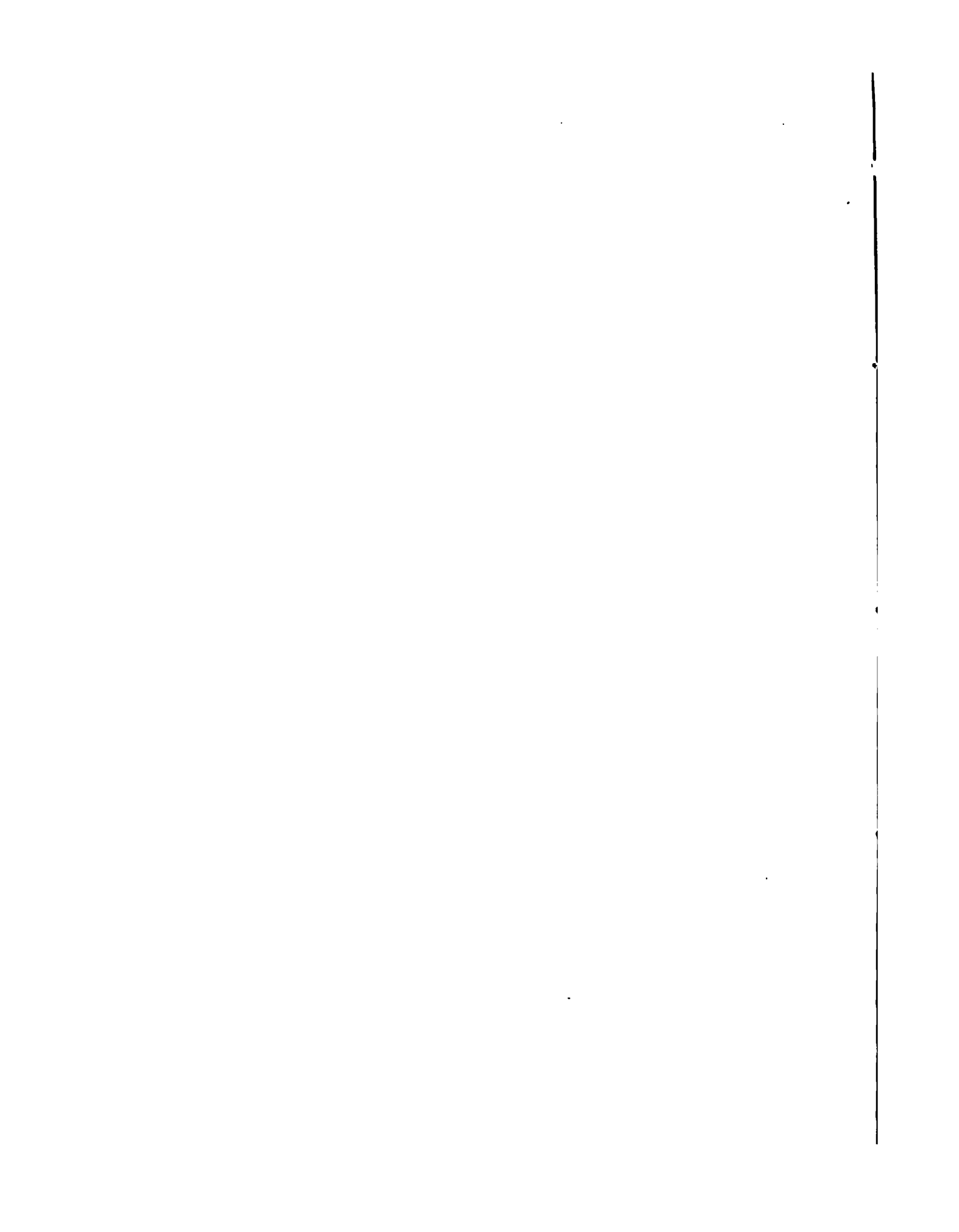
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By *Eben. Cook*, Gent.

---

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Raven* in *Patern-Row*.  
*Nestor-Rom. 1708. Price 6s.*



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THE  
**Sot-weed Factor;**

Or, a Voyage to

Maryland, &c.

---

---

**C**ONDEMN'D by Fate to way-ward Curse,  
Of Friends unkind, and empty Purse;  
Plagues worse than fill'd *Pandora's* Box,  
I took my leave of *Albion's* Rocks:  
With heavy Heart, concern'd that I  
Was forc'd my Native Soil to fly,  
And the *Old World* must bid good-buy. }

But Heav'n ordain'd it should be so,  
And to repine is vain we know:  
Freighted with Fools, from *Plymouth* sound,  
To *Mary-Land* our Ship was bound,  
Where we arriv'd in dreadful Pain,  
Shock'd by the Terrours of the Main;  
For full three Months, our waveriug Boat  
Did thro' the surley Ocean float,  
And furious Storms and threat'ning Blasts,  
Both tore our Sails and sprung our Masts:

Wearied, yet pleas'd, we did escape  
 Such Ills, we anchor'd at the <sup>(\*)</sup> *Cape*; <sup>[1]</sup>  
 But weighing soon, we plough'd the *Bay*,  
 To <sup>(b)</sup> *Cove* it in <sup>(c)</sup> *Piscato-way*, <sup>[2]</sup>  
 Intending there to open Store,  
 I put myself and Goods a-shore :  
 Where soon repair'd a numerous Crew,  
 In Shirts and Drawers of <sup>(d)</sup> *Scotch-cloth* Blue. }  
 With neither Stockings, Hat, nor Shooe. }  
 These *Sot-weed* <sup>[3]</sup> Planters Crowd the Shoar,  
 In Hue as tawny as a Moor :  
 Figures so strange, no God design'd,  
 To be a part of Humane Kind :  
 But wanton Nature, void of Rest,  
 Moulded the brittle Clay in Jest.  
 At last a Fancy very odd  
 Took me, this was the Land of *Nod* ;  
 Planted at first, when Vagrant *Cain*,  
 His Brother had unjustly slain :  
 Then conscious of the Crime he'd done,  
 From Vengeance dire, he hither run ;  
 And in a Hut supinely dwelt,  
 The first in *Furs* and *Sot-weed* dealt.  
 And ever since his Time, the Place,  
 Has harbour'd a detested Race ;  
 Who when they cou'd not live at Home,  
 For Refuge to these Worlds did roam ;  
 In hopes by Flight they might prevent,  
 The Devil and his fell intent ;  
 Obtain from Tripple Tree <sup>[4]</sup> reprieve,  
 And Heav'n and Hell alike deceive :  
 But e're their Manners I display, }  
 I think it fit I open lay }  
 My Entertainment by the way ; }  
 That Strangers well may be aware on,  
 What homely Diet they must fare on.

(\*) By the *Cape*, is meant the *Capes* of *Virginia*, the first Land on the Coast of *Virginia* and *Mary-Land*.

(b) To *Cove* is to lie at Anchor safe in Harbour.

(c) The Bay of *Piscato-way*, the usual place where our Ships come to an Anchor in *Mary-Land*.

(d) The Planters generally wear Blue *Linnen*.

To touch that Shoar, where no good Sense is found,  
But Conversation's lost, and Manners drown'd.

I crost unto the other side,  
A River <sup>(s)</sup> whose impetuous Tide, }  
The Savage Borders does divide; }

In such a shining odd invention,  
I scarce can give its due Dimention.  
The *Indians* call this watry Waggon

(\*) *Canoo*, a Vessel none can brag on;  
Cut from a *Popular-Tree*, or *Pine*,  
And fashion'd like a Trough for Swine:  
In this most noble Fishing-Boat,

I boldly put myself a-float;  
Standing Erect, with Legs stretch'd wide,  
We paddled to the other side:

Where being Landed safe by hap,  
As *Sol* fell into *Thetis* Lap.

A ravenous Gang bent on the stroul,  
Of (†) Wolves for Prey, began to howl;  
This put me in a pannick Fright,  
Least I should be devoured quite:

But as I there a musing stood,  
And quite benighted in a Wood,  
A Female Voice pierc'd thro' my Ears,  
Crying, *You Rogue drive home the Steers*.

I listen'd to th' attractive sound,  
And straight a Herd of Cattel found }  
Drove by a Youth, and homewards bound: }  
Cheer'd with the sight, I straight thought fit,  
To ask where I a Bed might get.

The surley Peasant bid me stay,  
And ask'd from whom (\*) I'de run away.

Surprized at such a saucy Word,  
I instantly lugg'd out my Sword;  
Swearing I was no Fugitive, }  
But from *Great-Britain* did arrive, }

In hopes I better there might Thrive. }  
To which he mildly made reply,  
*I beg your Pardon, Sir, that I*

(\*) A *Canoo* is an *Indian* Boat, cut out of the body of a Popler-Tree.

(†) Wolves are very numerous in *Mary-Land*.

(s) 'Tis supposed by the Planters, that all unknown Persons are run away from some Master.

*Should talk to you Unmannerly ;*  
*But if you please to go with me,*  
*To yonder House, you'll welcome be.* }  
 Encountring soon the smoaky Seat,  
 The Planter old did thus me greet :  
 " Whether you come from Goal or Colledge,  
 " You're welcome to my certain Knowledge ;  
 " And if you please all Night to stay,  
 " My Son shall put you in the way.  
 Which offer I most kindly took,  
 And for a Seat did round me look ;  
 When presently amongst the rest,  
 He plac'd his unknown *English* Guest,  
 Who found them drinking for a whet,<sup>[6]</sup>  
 A Cask of <sup>(<sup>a</sup>)</sup> Syder on the Fret,<sup>[7]</sup>  
 Till Supper came upon the Table,  
 On which I fed whilst I was able.  
 So after hearty Entertainment,  
 Of Drink and Victuals without Payment ;  
 For Planters Tables, you must know,  
 Are free for all that come and go.  
 While <sup>(<sup>1</sup>)</sup> Pon and Milk, with <sup>(<sup>k</sup>)</sup> Mush well stoar'd,  
 — In wooden Dishes grac'd the Board ;  
 With <sup>(<sup>l</sup>)</sup> Homine and Syder-pap,  
 (Which scarce a hungry Dog wou'd lap)  
 Well stuff'd with Fat, from Bacon fry'd,  
 Or with *Molossus* dulcify'd,  
 Then out our Landlord pulls a Pouch,  
 As greasy as the Leather Couch  
 On which he sat, and straight begun,  
 To load with Weed his *Indian* Gun ;<sup>[8]</sup>  
 — In length, scarce longer than ones Finger,  
 Or that for which the Ladies linger.  
 His Pipe smoak'd out with awful Grace,  
 With aspect grave and solemn pace ;  
 The reverend Sire walks to a Chest,  
 Of all his Furniture the best,  
 Closely confin'd within a Room,  
 Which seldom felt the weight of Broom ;

<sup>(<sup>a</sup>)</sup> Syder-pap is a sort of Food made of Syder and small Homine, like our Oatmeal.

<sup>(<sup>1</sup>)</sup> Pon is Bread made of *Indian-Corn*.

<sup>(<sup>k</sup>)</sup> Mush is a sort of Hasty-pudding made with Water and *Indian Flower*.

<sup>(<sup>l</sup>)</sup> Homine is a Dish that is made of boiled *Indian Wheat*, eaten with *Molossus*, or Bacon-Fat.

[ 5 ]

From thence he lugs a Cag of Rum,  
 And nodding to me, thus begun :  
 I find, says he, you don't much care,  
 For this our *Indian* Country Fare ;  
 But let me tell you, Friend of mine,  
 You may be glad of it in time,  
 Tho' now your Stomach is so fine ; }  
 And if within this Land you stay,  
 You'll find it true what I do say.  
 This said, the Rundlet up he threw,  
 And bending backwards strongly drew :  
 I pluck'd as stoutly for my part,  
 Altho' it made me sick at Heart,  
 And got so soon into my Head  
 I scarce cou'd find my way to Bed ;  
 Where I was instantly convey'd  
 By one who pass'd for Chamber-Maid ;  
 Tho' by her loose and sluttish Dress,  
 She rather seem'd a *Bedlam-Bess* :  
 Curious to know from whence she came,  
 I prest her to declare her Name.  
 She Blushing, seem'd to hide her Eyes,  
 And thus in Civil Terms replies ;  
 In better Times, e'er to this Land,  
 I was unhappily Trapann'd ;<sup>(\*)</sup>  
 Perchance as well I did appear,  
 As any Lord or Lady here, }  
 Not then a Slave for twice two (\*) Year.  
 My Cloaths were fashionably new,  
 Nor were my Shifts of Linnen Blue ;  
 But things are changed now at the Hoe,  
 I daily work, and Bare-foot go,  
 In weeding Corn or feeding Swine,  
 I spend my melancholy Time.  
 Kidnap'd and Fool'd, I hither fled,  
 To shun a hated Nuptial (\*) Bed,

(\*) 'Tis the Custom for Servants to be obliged for four Years to very servile Work ; after which time they have their Freedom.

(\*) These are the general Excuses made by *English* Women, which are sold, or sell themselves to *Mary-Land*.



And to my cost already find,  
 Worse Plagues than those I left behind.  
 Whate'er the Wanderer did profess,  
 Good-faith I cou'd not choose but guess  
 The Cause which brought her to this place,  
 Was supping e'er the Priest said Grace.  
 Quick as my Thoughts, the Slave was fled,  
 (Her Candle left to shew my Bed)  
 Which made of Feathers soft and good,  
 Close in the (\*) Chimney-corner stood ;  
 I threw me down expecting Rest,  
 To be in golden Slumbers blest :  
 But soon a noise disturb'd my quiet,  
 And plagu'd me with nocturnal Riot ;  
 A Puss which in the ashes lay,  
 With grunting Pig began a Fray ;  
 And prudent Dog, that Feuds might cease,  
 Most strongly bark'd to keep the Peace.  
 This Quarrel scarcely was decided,  
 By stick that ready lay provided ;  
 But *Reynard* arch and cunning Loon,  
 Broke into my Appartment soon ;  
 In hot pursuit of Ducks and Geese,  
 With fell intent the same to seize :  
 Their Cackling Complaints with strange surprize,  
 Chac'd Sleeps thick Vapours from my Eyes :  
 Raging I jump'd upon the Floar,  
 And like a Drunken Saylor Swore ;  
 With Sword I fiercely laid about,  
 And soon dispers'd the Feather'd Rout :  
 The Poultry out of Window flew,  
 And *Reynard* cautiously withdrew :  
 The Dogs who this Encounter heard,  
 Fiercly themselves to aid me rear'd,  
 And to the Place of Combat run,  
 Exactly as the Field was won.

(\*) Beds stand in the Chimney-corner in this Country.

[ 7 ]

Fretting and hot as roasting Capon,  
 And greasy as a Flich of Bacon ;  
 I to the Orchard did repair,  
 To Breathe the cool and open Air ;  
 Expecting there the rising Day,  
 Extended on a Bank I lay ;  
 But Fortune here, that saucy Whore,  
 Disturb'd me worse and plagu'd me more, }  
 Than she had done the night before. }  
 Hoarse croaking <sup>(4)</sup> Frogs did 'bout me ring, }  
 Such Peals the Dead to Life wou'd bring, }  
A Noise might move their Wooden King. }  
 I stuff'd my Ears with Cotten white  
 For fear of being deaf out-right,  
 And curst the melancholy Night :  
 But soon my Vows I did recant,  
 And Hearing as a Blessing grant ;  
 When a confounded Rattle-Snake,  
 With hissing made my Heart to ake :  
 Not knowing how to fly the Foe,  
 Or whether in the Dark to go ;  
 By strange good Luck, I took a Tree,  
 Prepar'd by Fate to set me free ;  
 Where riding on a Limb a-stride, }  
 Night and the Branches did me hide, }  
 And I the Devil and Snake defy'd. }  
 Not yet from Plagues exempted quite,  
 The curst Muskitoes did me bite ;  
 Till rising Morn' and blushing Day,  
 Drove both my Fears and Ills away ;  
 And from Night's Errors set me free.  
 Discharg'd from hospitable Tree ;  
 I did to Planters Booth repair, }  
 And there at Breakfast nobly Fare, }  
 On rashier broil'd of infant Bear : }  
 I thought the Cub delicious Meat,  
 Which ne'er did ought but Chesnuts eat ;

(4) Frogs are called *Virginea Bells*, and make, (both in that Country and *Mary-Land*) during the Night, a very hoarse ungrateful Noise.

Nor was young Orsin's flesh the worse,  
 Because he suck'd a Pagan Nurse.  
 Our Breakfast done, my Landlord stout,  
 Handed a Glass of Rum about ;  
 Pleas'd with the Treatment I did find,  
 I took my leave of Oast<sup>[10]</sup> so kind ;  
 Who to oblige me, did provide,  
 His eldest Son to be my Guide,  
 And lent me Horses of his own,  
 A skittish Colt, and aged Rhoan,  
 The four-leg'd prop of his Wife *Joan*. }  
 Steering our Barks in Trot or Pace,  
 We sail'd directly for a place  
 In *Mary-Land* of high renown,  
 Known by the Name of *Battle-town*.<sup>[11]</sup>  
 To view the Crowds did there resort,  
 Which Justice made, and Law their sport, }  
 In that sagacious County Court :  
 Scarce had we enter'd on the way,  
 Which thro' thick Woods and Marshes lay ;  
 But *Indians* strange did soon appear,  
 In hot pursuit of wounded Deer ;  
 No mortal Creature can express,  
 His wild fantastick Air and Dress ;  
 His painted Skin in colours dy'd,  
 His sable Hair in Satchel ty'd,<sup>[12]</sup> }  
 Shew'd Savages not free from Pride :  
 His tawny Thighs, and Bosom bare,  
 Disdain'd a useless Coat to wear, }  
 Scorn'd Summer's Heat, and Winters Air ;  
 His manly Shoulders such as please,  
 Widows and Wives, were bath'd in Grease  
 Of Cub and Bear, whose supple Oil  
 Prepar'd his Limbs 'gainst Heat or Toil.  
 Thus naked Pict in Battel fought,  
 Or undiagu'd his Mistress sought ;  
 And knowing well his Ware was good,  
 Refus'd to screen it with a Hood ;

His Visage dun, and chin that ne'er }  
 Did Raizor feel or Scissors bere, }  
 Or knew the Ornament of Hair, }  
 Look'd sternly Grim, surpriz'd with Fear,  
 I spur'd my Horse, as he drew near:  
 But Rhoan who better knew than I,  
 The little Cause I had to fly;  
 Seem'd by his solemn steps and pace,  
 Resolv'd I shou'd the Specter face,  
 Nor faster mov'd, tho' spur'd and lick'd,  
 Than *Balaam's Ass* by Prophet kick'd.  
*Kekicknitop* (\*) the Heathen cry'd;  
 How is it *Tom.* my Friend reply'd:  
 Judging from thence the Brute was civel,  
 I boldly fac'd the Courteous Devil;  
 And lugging out a Dram of Rum,  
 I gave his Tawny worship some:  
 Who in his language as I guess,  
 (My Guide informing me no less,) }  
 Implored the (\*) Devil, me to bless. }  
 I thank'd him for his good Intent,  
 And forwards on my Journey went, -  
 Discoursing as along I rode,  
 Whether this Race was framed by God  
 Or whether some Malignant pow'r,  
 Contriv'd them in an evil hour  
 And from his own Infernal Look,  
 Their Dusky form and Image took:

(\*) *Kekicknitop* is an *Indian* Expression, and signifies no more than this,  
*How do you do?*

(b) These *Indians* worship the Devil, and pray to him as we do to  
 God Almighty. 'Tis suppos'd, That *America* was peopl'd from *Scythia*  
 or *Tartaria*, which Borders on *China*, by reason the *Tartarians* and  
*Americans* very much agree in their Manners, Arms and Government.  
 Other Persons are of Opinion, that the *Chinese* first peopled the *West*  
*Indies*; imagining *China* and the Southern part of *America* to be con-  
 tiguous. Others believe that the *Phenicians* who were very skilful Mari-  
 ners, first planted a Colony in the Isles of *America*, and supply'd the  
 Persons left to inhabit there with Women and all other Necessaries; till  
 either the Death or Shipwreck of the first Discoverers, or some other Mis-  
 fortune occasioned the loss of the Discovery, which had been purchased  
 by the Peril of the first Adventurers.

From hence we fell to Argument  
 Whence Peopled was this Continent.  
 My Friend suppos'd *Tartarians* wild,  
 Or *Chinese* from their Home exiled ;  
 Wandering thro' Mountains hid with Snow, }  
 And Rills did in the Vallies flow, }  
 Far to the South of *Mexico* :  
 Broke thro' the Barrs which Nature cast,  
 And wide unbeaten Regions past,  
 Till near those Streams the humane deludge roll'd,  
 Which sparkling shin'd with glittering Sands of Gold,  
 And fetch <sup>(4)</sup> *Pizarro* from the <sup>(5)</sup> *Iberian* Shoar,  
 To Rob the Natives of their fatal Stoar.  
 I Smil'd to hear my young Logician,  
 Thus Reason like a Politician ;  
 Who ne're by Fathers Pains and Earning  
 Had got at Mother *Cambridge* Learning ;  
 Where Lubber youth just free from birch  
 Most stoutly drink to prop the Church ;  
 Nor with <sup>(6)</sup> *Grey Groat* had taken Pains  
 To purge his Head and Cleanse his Reines :  
 And in obedience to the Colledge,  
 Had pleas'd himself with carnal Knowledge :  
 And tho' I lik'd the youngest's Wit,  
 I judg'd the Truth he had not hit ;  
 And could not choose but smile to think  
 What they could do for Meat and Drink,  
 Who o'er so many Desarts ran,  
 With Brats and Wives in *Caravan* ;  
 Unless perchance they'd got the Trick,  
 To eat no more than Porker sick ;  
 Or could with well contented Maws,  
 Quarter like <sup>(7)</sup> Bears upon their Paws.

(4) *Pizarro* was the Person that conquer'd *Peru*; a Man of a most bloody Disposition, base, treacherous, covetous and revengeful.

(5) *Spanish* Shoar.

(6) There is a very bad Custom in some Colledges, of giving the Students *A Groat ad purgandas Rhenas*, which is usually employ'd to the use of the *Donor*.

(7) Bears are said to live by sucking of their *Paws*, according to the Notion of some Learned Authors.

Thinking his Reasons to confute,  
 I gravely thus commenc'd Dispute,  
 And urg'd that tho' a *Chinese* Host,  
 Might penetrate this *Indian* Coast;  
 Yet this was certainly most true,  
 They never cou'd the Isles subdue ;  
 For knowing not to steer a Boat,  
 They could not on the Ocean float,  
 Or plant their Sunburnt Colonies,  
 In Regions parted by the Seas :  
 I thence inferr'd <sup>(<sup>h</sup>)</sup> *Phœnicians* old,  
 Discover'd first with Vessels bold  
 These Western Shoars, and planted here,  
 Returning once or twice a Year,  
 With *Naval Stoars* and *Lasses* kind,  
 To comfort those were left behind ;  
 Till by the Winds and Tempest toar,  
 From their intended Golden Shoar ;  
 They suffer'd Ship-wreck, or were drown'd,  
 And lost the World so newly found.  
 But after long and learn'd Contention,  
 We could not finish our dissention ;  
 And when that both had talk'd their fill,  
 We had the self same Notion still.  
 Thus Parson grave well read and Sage,  
 Does in dispute with Priest engage ;  
 The one protests they are not Wise,  
 Who judge by <sup>(<sup>i</sup>)</sup> Sense and trust their Eyes ;  
 And vows he'd burn for it at Stake,  
 That Man may God his Maker make ;  
 The other smiles at his Religion,  
 And vows he's but a learned Widgeon :

<sup>(<sup>h</sup>)</sup> The *Phœnicians* were the best and boldest Saylor's of Antiquity, and indeed the only *Persons*, in former Ages, who durst venture themselves on the Main Sea.

<sup>(<sup>i</sup>)</sup> The *Priests* argue, That our Senses in the point of *Transubstantiation* ought not to be believed, for tho' the Consecrated Bread has all the accidents of Bread, yet they affirm, 'tis the Body of Christ, and not Bread but Flesh and Bones.

And when they have empty'd all their stoar }  
 From Books and Fathers, are not more }  
 Convinc'd or wiser than before. }  
 Scarce had we finish'd serious Story,  
 But I espy'd the Town before me,  
 And roaring Planters on the ground,  
 Drinking of Healths in Circle round :  
 Dismounting Steed with friendly Guide,  
 Our Horses to a Tree we ty'd,  
 And forwards pass'd amongst the Rout,  
 To chuse convenient *Quarters* out :  
 But being none were to be found,  
 We sat like others on the ground  
 Carousing Punch in open Air  
 Till Cryer did the Court declare ;  
 The planting Rabble being met,  
 Their Drunken Worships likewise set :  
 Cryer proclaims that Noise shou'd cease,  
 And streight the Lawyers broke the Peace :  
 Wrangling for Plaintiff and Defendant,  
 I thought they ne'er would make an end on't :  
 With nonsense, stuff and false quotations,  
 With brazen Lyes and Allegations ;  
 And in the splitting of the Cause,  
 They us'd such Motions with their Paws,  
 As shew'd their Zeal was strongly bent,  
 In Blows to end the Argument.  
 A reverend Judge, who to the shame  
 Of all the Bench, cou'd write his (\*) Name ;  
 At Petty-fogger took offence,  
 And wonder'd at his Impudence.  
 My Neighbour *Dash* with scorn replies,  
 And in the Face of Justice flies :  
 The Bench in fury streight divide,  
 And Scribbles take, or Judges side ;

(\*) In the County-Court of *Mary land*, very few of the Justices of the *Peace* can write or read.

The Jury, Lawyers, and their Clyents,  
 Contending, fight like earth-born Gyants :  
 But Sheriff wily lay perdue,  
 Hoping Indictments wou'd ensue,  
 And when—————  
 A Hat or Wig fell in the way,  
 He seiz'd them for the *Queen* as stray :  
 The Court adjourn'd in usual manner,  
 In Battle Blood, and fractious Clamour ;  
 I thought it proper to provide,  
 A Lodging for myself and Guide,  
 So to our Inn we march'd away,  
 Which at a little distance lay ;  
 Where all things were in such Confusion,  
 I thought the World at its conclusion :  
 A Herd of Planters on the ground,  
 O'er-whelm'd with Punch, dead drunk we found :  
 Others were fighting and contending,  
 Some burnt their Cloaths to save the mending.  
 A few whose Heads by frequent use,  
 Could better bare the potent Juice,  
 Gravely debated State Affairs.  
 Whilst I most nimbly trip'd up Stairs ;  
 Leaving my Friend discoursing oddly,  
 And mixing things Prophane and Godly :  
 Just then beginning to be Drunk,  
 As from the Company I slunk,  
 To every Room and Nook I crept,  
 In hopes I might have somewhere slept ;  
 But all the bedding was possest  
 By one or other drunken Guest :  
 But after looking long about,  
 I found an antient Corn-loft out,  
 Glad that I might in quiet sleep,  
 And there my bones unfractur'd keep.  
 I lay'd me down secure from Fray,  
 And soundly snor'd till break of Day ;  
 When waking fresh I sat upright,  
 And found my Shoes were vanish'd quite ;  
 Hat, Wig, and Stockings, all were fled  
 From this extended *Indian* Bed :



Vext at the Loss of Goods and Chattel,  
 I swore I'd give the Rascal battel,  
 Who had abus'd me in this sort,  
 And Merchant Stranger made his Sport.  
 I furiously descended Ladder ;  
 No Hare in *March* was ever madder :  
 In vain I search'd for my Apparel,  
 And did with Oast and Servants Quarrel ;  
 For one whose Mind did much aspire  
 To (\*) Mischief, threw them in the Fire ;  
 Equipt with neither Hat nor Shooe,  
 I did my coming hither rue,  
 And doubtful thought what I should do : }  
 Then looking round, I saw my Friend  
 Lie naked on a Tables end ;  
 A Sight so dismal to behold,  
 One wou'd have judg'd him dead and cold ;  
 When wringing of his bloody Nose,  
 By fighting got we may suppose ;  
 I found him not so fast asleep,  
 Might give his Friends a cause to weep :  
 Rise (b) *Oronooko*, rise, said I,  
 And from this *Hell* and *Bedlam* fly.  
 My Guide starts up, and in amaze,  
 With blood-shot Eyes did round him gaze ;  
 At length with many a sigh and groan,  
 He went in search of aged Rhoan ;  
 But Rhoan, tho' seldom us'd to falter,  
 Had fairly this time slipt his Halter ;  
 And not content all Night to stay  
 Ty'd up from Fodder, ran away :  
 After my Guide to ketch him ran,  
 And so I lost both Horse and Man ;  
 Which Disappointment, tho' so great,  
 Did only Mirth and Jests create :  
 Till one more Civil than the rest,  
 In Conversation for the best,  
 Observing that for want of Rhoan,

(\*) 'Tis the Custom of the Planters, to throw their own, or any other Persons Hat, Wig, Shooes or Stockings in the Fire.

(b) Planters are usually call'd by the Name of *Oronooko*, from their Planting *Oronooko-Tobacco*.

I should be left to walk alone ;  
 Most readily did me intreat,  
 To take a Bottle at his Seat ;<sup>[13]</sup>  
 A Favour at that time so great,  
 I blest my kind propitious Fate ;  
 And finding soon a fresh supply,  
 Of Cloaths from Stoar-house kept hard by,  
 I mounted streight on such a Steed,  
 Did rather curb, than whipping need ;  
 And straining at the usual rate,  
 With spur of Punch which lay in Pate,<sup>[14]</sup> }  
 E'er long we lighted at the Gate :  
 Where in an antient *Cedar House*,  
 Dwelt my new Friend, a (\*) Cokerouse ;  
 Whose Fabrick, tho' 'twas built of Wood,  
 Had many Springs and Winters stood ;  
 When sturdy Oaks, and lofty Pines  
 Were level'd with (b) Musmilion Vines,  
 And Plants eradicated were,  
 By Hurricanes into the air ;  
 There with good Punch and apple Juice,  
 We spent our Hours without abuse :  
 Till Midnight in her sable Vest,  
 Persuaded Gods and Men to rest ;  
 And with a pleasing kind surprize,  
 Indulg'd soft Slumbers to my Eyes.  
 Fierce (c) *Aethon* courser of the Sun,  
 Had half his Race exactly run ;  
 And breath'd on me a fiery Ray,  
 Darting hot Beams the following Day, }  
 When snug in Blanket white I lay :  
 But Heat and (d) *Chinces* rais'd the Sinner,  
 Most opportunely to his Dinner ;  
 Wild Fowl and Fish delicious Meats, }  
 As good as *Neptune's Doxy*<sup>[15]</sup> eats,  
 Began our Hospitable Treat ;  
 Fat Venson follow'd in the Rear,  
 And Turkies wild Luxurious Chear :

- (\*) Cokerouse, is a Man of Quality.  
 (b) Musmilion Vines are what we call Muskmillion Plants.  
 (c) *Aethon* is one of the Poetical Horses of the Sun.  
 (d) *Chinces* are a sort of Vermin like our *Bugs* in *England*.

But what the Feast did most commend,  
 Was hearty welcom from my Friend.  
 Thus having made a noble Feast,  
 And eat as well as pamper'd Priest,  
 Madera strong in flowing Bowls,  
 Fill'd with extream, delight our Souls;  
 Till wearied with a purple Flood,  
 Of generous Wine (the Giant's blood,  
 As Poets feign) away I made,  
 For some refreshing verdant Shade;  
 Where musing on my Rambles strange,  
 And Fortune which so oft did change;  
 In midst of various Contemplations  
 Of Fancies odd, and Meditations,  
 I slumber'd long—————  
 Till hazy Night with noxious Dews,  
 Did Sleep's unwholsom Fetters lose:  
 With Vapours chil'd, and misty air,  
 To fire-side I did repair:  
 Near which a jolly Female Crew,  
 Were deep engag'd at *Lanctre-Looe*; <sup>[16]</sup>  
 In Night rails <sup>[17]</sup> white, with dirty Mein,  
 Such Sights are scarce in *England* seen:  
 I thought them first some Witches bent,  
 On Black Designs in dire Convent.  
 Till one who with affected air,  
 Had nicely learn'd to Curse and Swear:  
 Cry'd Dealing's lost is but a Flam, <sup>[18]</sup>  
 And vow'd by G—d she'd keep her *Pam*. <sup>[19]</sup>  
 When dealing through the board had run,  
 They ask'd me kindly to make one;  
 Not staying often to be bid,  
 I sat me down as others did:  
 We scarce had play'd a Round about,  
 But that these *Indian* Froes <sup>[20]</sup> fell out.  
 D—m you, says one, tho' now so brave,  
 I knew you late a Four-Years Slave;  
 What if' for Planters Wife you go,  
 Nature design'd you for the Hoe.

(f) Wild Turkeys are very good Meat, and prodigiously large in *Maryland*. (This note refers to the last line on p. 15. Ed.)

Rot you replies the other streight,  
 The Captain kiss'd you for his Freight;  
 And if the Truth was known aright,  
 And how you walk'd the Streets by night,  
 You'd blush (if one cou'd blush) for shame,  
 Who from *Bridewell* or *Newgate* came.  
 From Words they fairly fell to Blows,  
 And being loath to interpose,  
 Or meddle in the Wars of Punk,<sup>[21]</sup>  
 Away to Bed in hast I slunk.  
 Waking next day, with aking Head,  
 And Thirst, that made me quit my Bed;  
 I rigg'd myself, and soon got up,  
 To cool my Liver with a Cup  
 Of (\*) *Succahana* fresh and clear,  
 Not half so good as *English Beer*;  
 Which ready stood in Kitchin Pail,  
 And was in fact but *Adam's Ale*;  
 For Planters Cellars you must know,  
 Seldom with good *October* <sup>[22]</sup> flow,  
 But Perry Quince and Apple Juice,  
 Spout from the Tap like any Sluce;  
 Untill the Cask's grown low and stale,  
 They're forc'd again to (b) *Goad* and Pail:  
 The soathing drought scarce down my Throat,  
 Enough to put a Ship a float,  
 With Cockerouse as I was sitting,  
 I felt a Feaver Intermitting;  
 A fiery Pulse beat in my Veins,  
 From Cold I felt resembling Pains:  
 This cursed seasoning I remember,  
 Lasted from *March* to cold *December*;  
 Nor would it then its *Quarters* shift,  
 Until by *Cardus* <sup>[23]</sup> turn'd a drift,

(\*) *Succahana* is Water.

(b) A *Goad* grows upon an *Indian Vine*, resembling a Bottle, when ripe it is hollow; this the Planters make use of to drink water out of.

And had my Doctress wanted skill,  
 Or Kitchin Physick at her will,  
 My Father's Son had lost his Lands,  
 And never seen the *Goodwin-Sands* :  
 But thanks to Fortune and a Nurse  
 Whose Care depended on my Purse,  
 I saw myself in good Condition,  
 Without the help of a Physitian :  
 At length the shivering ill relieved,  
 Which long my Head and Heart had grieved ;  
 I then began to think with Care,  
 How I might sell my *British Ware*,  
 That with my Freight I might comply,  
 Did on my Charter party lie :  
 To this intent, with Guide before,  
 I tript it to the *Eastern Shoar* ;  
 While riding near a Sandy Bay,  
 I met a *Quaker, Yea and Nay* ;  
 A Pious Conscientious Rogue,  
 As e'er wear Bonnet or a Brogue,  
 Who neither Swore nor kept his Word,  
 But cheated in the Fear of God ;  
 And when his Debts he would not pay,  
 By Light within he ran away.  
 With this sly Zealot soon I struck  
 A Bargain for my *English Truck*,  
 Agreeing for ten thousand weight,  
 Of *Sot-weed* good and fit for freight,  
 Broad *Oronooko* bright and sound,  
 The growth and product of his ground :  
 In Cask that should contain compleat,  
 Five hundred of Tobacco neat.  
 The Contract thus betwixt us made,  
 Not well acquainted with the Trade,  
 My Goods I trusted to the Cheat,  
 Whose crop was then aboard the Fleet ;  
 And going to receive my own,  
 I found the Bird was newly flown :  
 Cursing this execrable Slave,  
 This damn'd pretended Godly Knave ;

On due Revenge and Justice bent,  
 I instantly to Counsel went,  
 Unto an ambodexter <sup>(\*)</sup> *Quack*,  
 Who learnedly had got the knack  
 Of giving Glisters,<sup>[24]</sup> making Pills,  
 Of filling Bonds, and forging Wills;  
 And with a stock of Impudence,  
 Supply'd his want of Wit and Sense;  
 With Looks demure, amazing People,  
 No wiser than a Daw in Steeple;  
 My Anger flushing in my Face,  
 I stated the pre[c]eeding Case:  
 And of my Money was so lavish,  
 That he'd have poyson'd half the Parish,  
 And hang'd his Father on a Tree,  
 For such another tempting Fee;  
 Smiling, said he, the Cause is clear,  
 I'll manage him you need not fear;  
 The Case is judg'd, good Sir, but look  
 In *Galen*, No — in my Lord *Cook*,  
 I vow to God I was mistook:  
 I'll take out a Provincial Writ,  
 And Trounce him for his Knavish Wit;  
 Upon my Life we'll win the Cause,  
 With all the ease I cure the <sup>(4)</sup> *Yaws*:  
 Resolv'd to plague the holy Brother,  
 I set one Rogue to catch another;  
 To try the Cause then fully bent,  
 Up to <sup>(\*)</sup> *Annapolis* I went,  
 A City Situate on a Plain,  
 Where scarce a House will keep out Rain;  
 The Buildings fram'd with Cyprus rare,  
 Resembles much our *Southwark* Fair:

(\*) This Fellow was an Apothecary, and turn'd an Attorney at Law.

(4) The *Yaws* is the *Poz*.

(\*) The chief of *Mary-land* containing about twenty four *Houses*.

But Stranger here will scarcely meet  
 With Market-place, Exchange, or Street ;  
 And if the Truth I may report,  
 'Tis not so large as *Tottenham Court*.  
 St. *Mary's* once was in repute,  
 Now here the Judges try the Suit, }  
 And Lawyers twice a Year dispute. }  
 As oft the Bench most gravely meet, }  
 Some to get Drunk, and some to eat }  
 A swinging share of Country Treat. }  
 But as for Justice right or wrong,  
 Not one amongst the numerous throng,  
 Knows what they mean, or has the Heart,  
 To give his Verdict on a Stranger's part :  
 Now Court being call'd by beat of Drum,  
 The Judges left their Punch and Rum,  
 When Pettifogger Doctor draws,  
 H's Paper forth, and opens Cause :  
 And least I shou'd the better get,  
 Brib'd *Quack* suppress his Knavish Wit.  
 So Maid upon the downy Field,  
 Pretends a Force, and Fights to yield :  
 The Byast Court without delay,  
 Adjudg'd my Debt in Country Pay ;  
 In (†) Pipe staves, Corn, or Flesh of Boar,  
 Rare Cargo for the *English* Shoar :  
 Raging with Grief, full speed I ran,  
 To joyn the Fleet at (‡) *Kicketan* ; [26]  
 Embarqu'd and waiting for a Wind,  
 I left this dreadful Curse behind.

May Canniballs transported o'er the Sea  
 Prey on these Slaves, as they have done on me ;  
 May never Merchant's, trading Sails explore  
 This Cruel, this Inhospitable Shoar ;

(†) There is a Law in this Country, the Plaintiff may pay his Debt in Country pay, which consists in the produce of his Plantation.

(‡) The homeward bound Fleet meets here.

[ 21 ]

But left abandon'd by the World to starve,  
May they sustain the Fate they well deserve :  
May they turn Savage, or as *Indians* Wild,  
From Trade, Converse, and Happiness exil'd ;  
Recreant to Heaven, may they adore the Sun,  
And into Pagan Superstitions run  
For Vengence ripe \_\_\_\_\_  
May Wrath Divine then lay those Regions wast  
Where no Man's (\*) Faithful, nor a Woman Chast.

(\*) The Author does not intend by this, any of the *English* Gentlemen resident there.

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FINIS.

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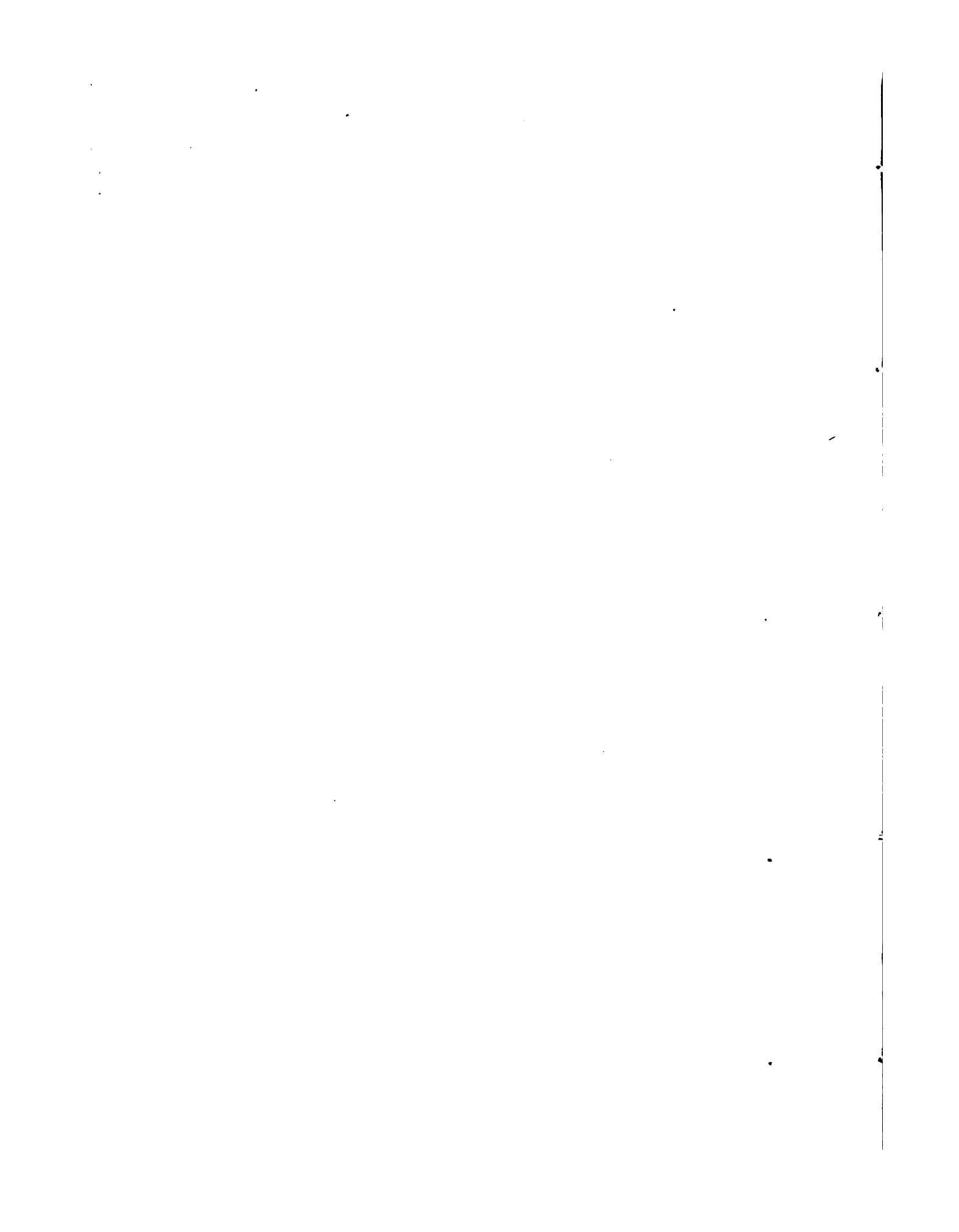


## NOTES ON "THE SOT-WEED FACTOR."

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- (1). Capes Henry and Charles at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay.
- (2). Piscataway Creek empties into the Potomac River in Prince George's County below the District of Columbia.
- (3). *Sot-weed* is the weed that inebriates, i. e., tobacco.
- (4). *Tripple tree* is the gallows, possibly so called from the three pieces of wood forming it.
- (5). The Piscataway is doubtless the river referred to.
- (6). A *whet* is a dram that whets the appetite, an appetizer.
- (7). Liquor was said to be "upon the *fret*" when it was in a state of effervescence.
- (8). The *Indian gun* was a pipe for smoking tobacco.
- (9). *Trapan'd* means ensnared or kidnapped.
- (10). *Oast* is another form of spelling host.
- (11). *Battle-town* was the county seat of Calvert County. It stood on Battle Creek, an affluent of the Patuxent, and was laid out in 1682 (see *Md. Arch., Assembly Proceedings*). The site, about eight miles south of Prince Frederick, is "now covered by cornfields and fields of tobacco."
- (12). *Satchel*—does this mean his hair was tied in a bag?
- (13). By *Seat*, the country residence is referred to.
- (14). "Spur of Punch which lay in Pate," i. e., spurred on by the punch which he had drunk and the effects of which were still felt by his brain.
- (15). A *doxy* is a sweetheart.
- (16). *Lanctre-Looe*, a game of cards, more usually spelled *lanterloo*, and often known by a shortened form of the word, as *loo*.
- (17). *Night-rails*—rail was an old word for dress or garment.
- (18). A *Flam* is a delusion, possibly another way of pronouncing flame, and so equivalent to glitter (*vide Century Dictionary*).
- (19). *Pam*, the knave of trumps, usually clubs in the game of loo, and the highest card in the pack.
- (20). *Froes* is another spelling of *Vrouw*, the Dutch word meaning woman.
- (21). A *Punk* is a prostitute.
- (22). *October*—ale brewed in this month was especially famous.
- (23). *Cardus*, the blessed thistle (*Cardus benedictus*), was held in high esteem as a remedy for disease.
- (24). *Glisters* or *Clysters* are enemas.
- (25). *Kicketan* or *Kicoughton* was the Indian name for Hampton, Va.

E. C.  
THE PLANTER'S  
LOOKING-GLASS, IN  
VERSE.  
ANNAPOLIS.  
1730.



*Wm. Losh:*

SOTWEED REDIVIVUS.

Or the PLANTERS

JOHN CARTER BROWN

Looking-Glass.

In Burlesque Verse.

Calculated for the Meridian of

MARYLAND.

---

By E. C. Gent.

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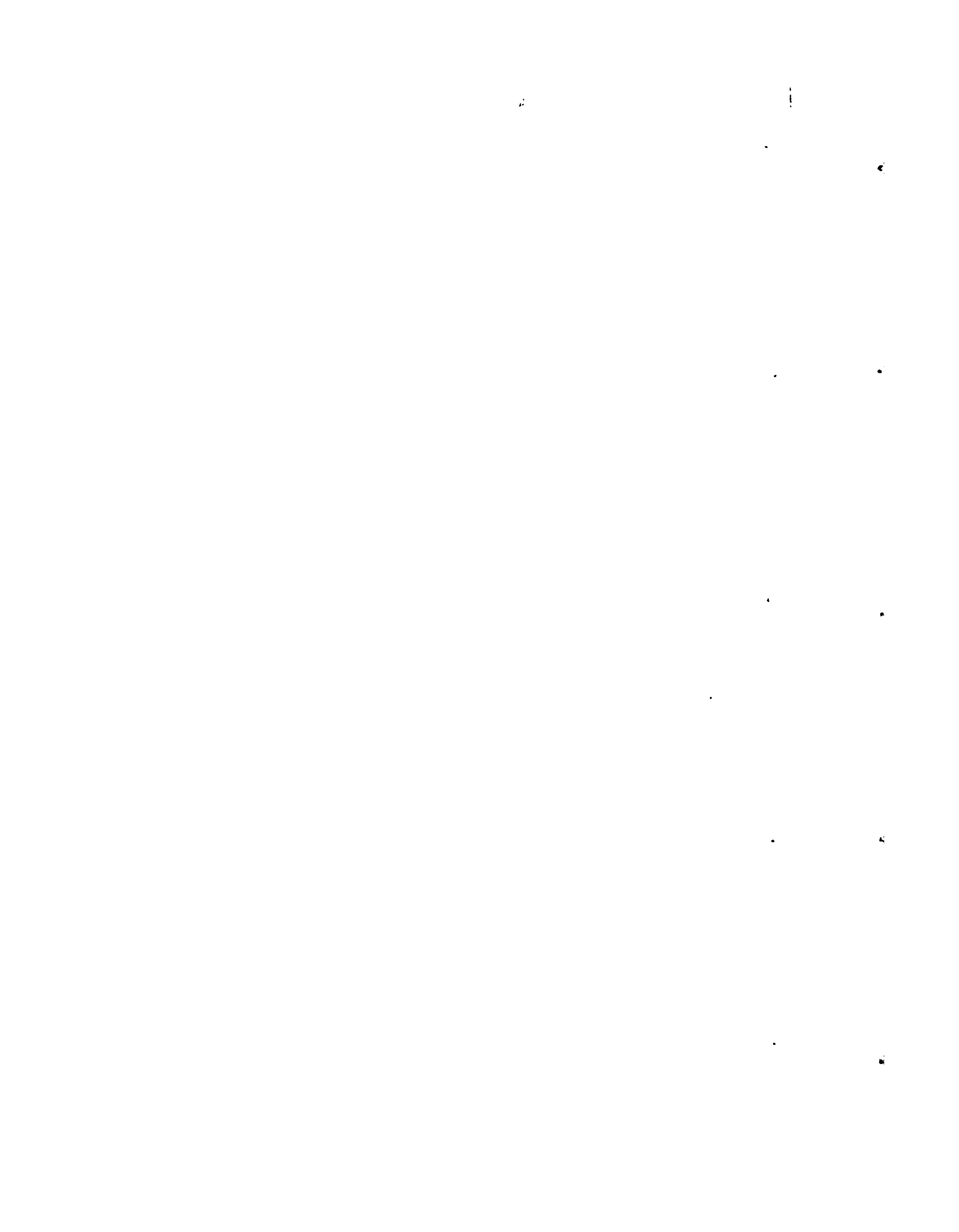
*Non videmus, id Manticae quod in Tergo est.*

Juv.

---

ANNAPOLIS;

Printed by WILLIAM PARKS, for the Author.  
M.DCC.XXX.



THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

MAY I be canoniz'd for a Saint, if I know what Apology to make for this dull Piece of Household stuff, any more than he that first invented the *Horn-Book*; all that can be said in its Defence, is, the *Muses* hath taken as much Pains in framing their brittle Ware, as *Bruin* does in licking her Cubs into Shape: And should that carping Cur, *Momus*, but breath on it, (*vah! miseris,*) we are quite undone; since one Blast from the Critick's Mouth, wou'd raise more Flaws in this *Looking-Glass*, than there be Circles in the *Sphere*; and when all is said and done, the *Reader* will judge just as he pleases. Well, if it be the Fate of these Sheets, to supply the Use of Waste Paper, the *Author* has done his Part, and is determin'd to write on, as often as his Inclination or Interest shall prompt him.

*Vale.*

TO THE  
Generous S U B S C R I B E R S, &c.

*THE Author finding all Attempts prove vain,  
Those glittering Smiles from Fortune to obtain:  
That purblind Goddess on the Fool bestows;  
His tow'ring Grandeur to her Bounty owes;  
Rather than on base Terms, the Point dispute,  
To the Pierian Songsters makes his Suit,  
In gingling Rhimes, to guide his gouty Feet,  
The ancient Path of Pegasus to beat.*

*When mounted on old Roan, with Guide before ;  
The Spurious Off-spring of some Tawny-Moor,  
To Battle-Town, the Author took his way,  
That thro' thick Woods and fenny Marshes lay,  
And mangled Oaks, laid blended on the Plains,  
Cut down for Fuel by unthinking Swains.*

v

*At Ax and Hoe, like Negroe Asses tug,  
To glut the Market with a poisonous Drug :  
Destroy sound Timber, and lay waste their Lands,  
To head a Troop of Aethiopian Hands, }  
Worse Villains are, than Forward's <sup>[1]</sup> Newgate Bands : }  
Will by their Heirs be curst for these Mistakes,  
E'er Saturn thrice his Revolution makes ;  
Whose thriftless State, this Looking-Glass is meant,  
By way of Metaphor, to represent :  
Wherein the Planter may his Fate behold,  
By sad Experience, has been often told,  
It's Industry, and not a nauseous Weed,  
Must cloath the Naked, and the Hungry feed.  
Correct those Errors length of Time have made, }  
Since the first Scheme of Government was laid }  
In Maryland, for propagating Trade,  
Will never flourish, till we learn to sound  
Great-Britain's Channel, and in Cash abound :*

vi

*The only best Expedient that remains, }  
To make the Profit equal to the Pains, }  
And set us on the Par with neighbouring Swains. }*

*THIS thread-bare Theme the Author's Muse here sings,  
Did never drink of the Castalian Springs,  
Or bath'd her Limbs in Heliconian Streams,  
Where fiery Phoebus cools his thirsty Beams.*

*SUCH lofty Numbers and heroic Strains  
Of sprightly Wit, as Virgil's Lays contains,  
When elevated with Phoebian Fire,  
On Tyber's Banks, he struck the warbling Lyre,  
Are too sublime for her, that ne'er could fly }  
Above the Pitch of Grub-street Elegy, }  
Or the flat Sound of Doggerel Poetry : }  
So hopes Subscribers will be pleas'd to pass  
A candid Thought on this, his Looking-Glass.*

vii

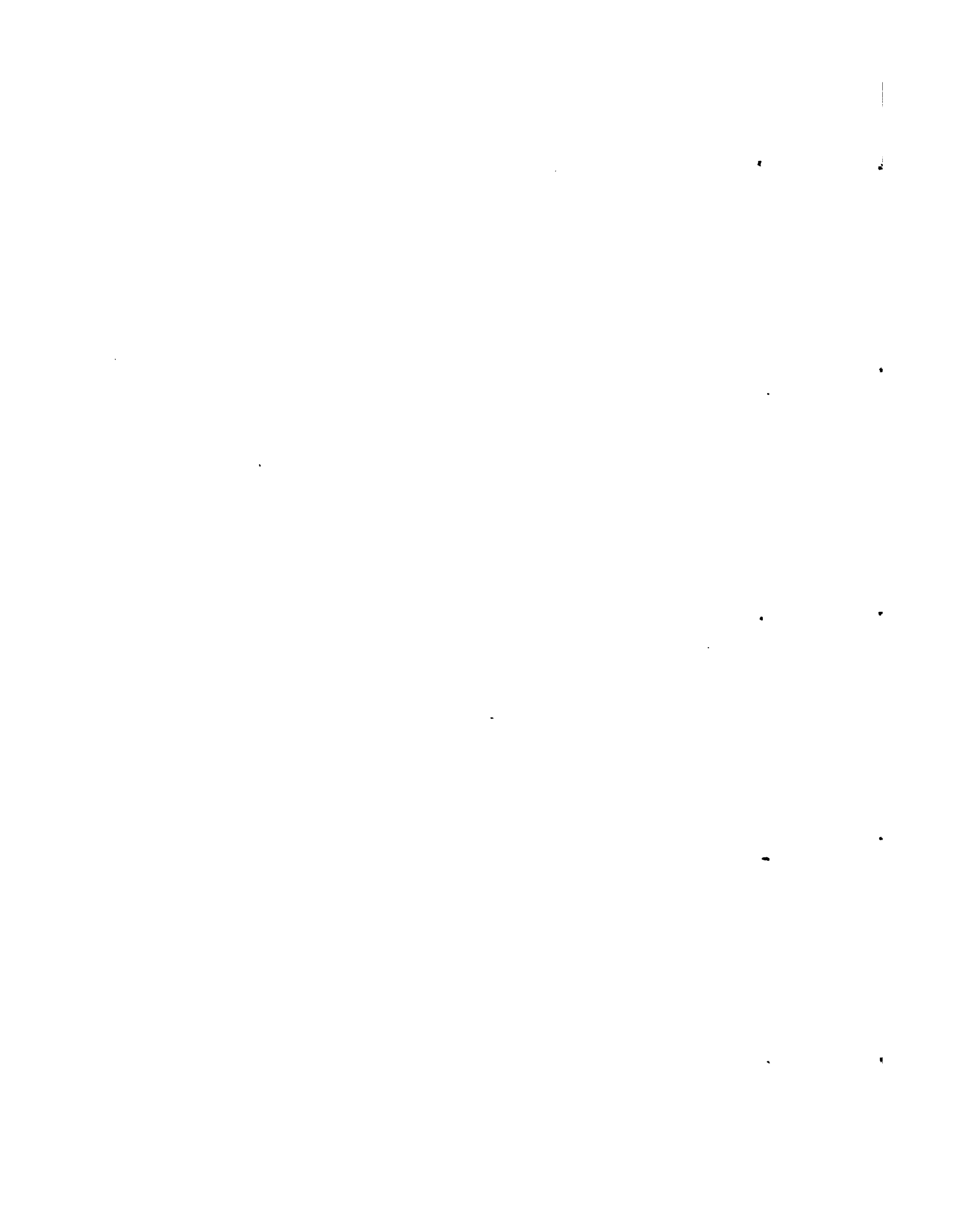
*Such kind Encouragement to Poesy give,  
 The Sotweed Factor by his Muse may live :  
 This Province wisheth well, and should be glad,  
 To see young Girls in Home-spun Vestments clad,  
 Plain as this Dress, wherein his Muse appears ;  
 And tho' distasteful to their blooming Years,  
 Yet the Hibernian Lasses, we are told,  
 Such modest Garments wore in Days of old.  
 Nor was the best bred Nymph allow'd to wed,  
 And taste the Pleasures of a Nuptial Bed,  
 'Till she, before some Magistrate did go,  
 Equipp'd in Home-spun Weeds, from Head to Toe,  
 Swore solemnly on the Evangelist,  
 Each Flaxen Thread, her tender Hands did twist.  
 And were such Laws and Customs here in Force,  
 Maidens would soon industrious grow of course.  
 To Minstrel Sounds, prefer the Weaver's Loom,  
 As did Arachne, 'till she had her Doom ;*

viii

*Improve each Minute at the Flaxen Wheel,  
 That now think Scorn, to exercise the Reel.*

*BUT as young Cloe may think it too hard,  
 Her matrimonial Geer, to spin and card,  
 Before she dare, by Strephon be embrac'd,  
 By Bride-maids, on her Wedding Night, unlac'd :  
 So if it were ordain'd, to end the Strife,  
 No Swain should be allow'd to have a Wife,  
 On any Terms,<sup>[2]</sup> 'till he Three Thousand Weight  
 Of Merchantable Hemp, and fit for Freight,  
 Or Flax had made, I dare be bold to say,  
 Strephon would have no Time at Cards to play, }  
 On Horse-Racing, his Substance throw away,  
 'Till he the Gordian-Knot with Cloe ty'd,  
 By Industry, obtain'd her for his Bride.*





THE  
LOOKING-GLOSS.

Bound up to Port *Annapolis*,  
 The famous Beau *Metropolis*  
 Of *Maryland*, of small Renown,  
 When *Anna* <sup>[3]</sup> first wore *England's* Crown,  
 Is now grown rich and opulent ;  
 The awful Seat of Government.  
 Well mounted on my aged Pacer,  
 In youthful Days, had been a Racer,  
 For *Severn* Banks, my Course I steer'd ; }  
 And spurring *Jack*, no Danger fear'd ; }  
 Within the City Walls appear'd, }  
 As *Aethon*, Courser of the Sun,  
 Had half his Race exactly run ;  
 There having first secur'd my Prancer,  
 To Stable nimbly did advance, Sir.  
 I pass'd *Aestrea's* Temple Gates,  
 Where the High Court of Delegates <sup>[4]</sup>  
 Assembled were, with Resolution,  
 To fortify their Constitution,  
 By Laws, that should, to say no more,  
 The Common-Weal to Health restore ;  
 Consumptive is, and sickly grown ;  
 As shall in proper Place be shewn ;  
 Reduc'd to Penury indeed,  
 By feeding on this *Indian Weed*.

2

FOR Remedy, both Houses joyn,  
 To settle here a *Current Coin*, <sup>[5]</sup>  
 Without Exception, such as may,  
 Our *Publick Dues* and *Clergy pay*.  
 Grown Worldly wise, unwilling are,  
 To be put off with Neighbours Fare ;  
 Hold *Predial Tythes*, <sup>[6]</sup> secure in Bags,  
 Better than *Paper* made of *Rags* :

3

The *Scribes* likewise, and *Pharisees*,  
 Infected with the same Disease,  
 On *Paper Money* look a squint,  
 Care not to be made Fools in Print.  
 Thus what is meant for Publick Good,  
 I find to be misunderstood,  
 And taken in the worser Sense,  
 By those, care not for *Paper Pence*.  
 And tho' this *Scheme* should prove in vain,  
 The Case to me seems very plain ;  
 Said I to *Planter* standing by,  
 And was for *Paper Currency* :  
 It's Money, be it what it will, }  
 In Tan-Pit coin'd, or Paper-Mill, }  
 That must the hungry Belly fill, }  
 4 When summon'd to attend the Court,  
 Held at the Magisterial Port.<sup>[7]</sup>

So far, said he, with you I joyn ;  
 Am glad to find your Thoughts suit mine :  
 And with Submission to the State,  
 I have a Project in my Pate,  
 May prove the Making of this Land,  
 If executed out of Hand ;  
 Which is to give my Fancy vent,  
 Within my *Pericranium* Pent.  
 The levelling a standing Coin,  
 It matters not what Sort of Mine  
 It issues from, since ev'ry Thing  
 Is worth no more than it will bring.

5 SUPPOSE a Statute Law was made,  
 For the Encouragement of Trade ;  
 And Men of various Occupations,  
 Within his Majesty's Plantations,  
 That *Copper Money*, *Tin*, or *Brass*,  
 Throughout *America* should pass :  
 Which Coin shou'd the King's Image bear ;  
 In equal Worth be ev'ry where :  
 Not subject to be clipt by Shears,  
 Like Yellow-Boys,<sup>[8]</sup> have lost their Ears ;  
 But as a Free-born Subject range,  
 Of different Size, for ready Change.

THIS Dialogue was scarce begun,  
 As on the Walks we took a turn,  
 When sudden Noise alarm'd our Ears,  
 Filling the Town with Hopes and Fears,  
 That seem'd to Eccho from the *Hive*;  
 Whereat I grew inquisitive,  
 6 To know the Meaning of such Clamour ;  
 Says One, in Drink, that made him stammer,  
 The Reason's this, if you must know it,  
 The House divided is, old *Poet*,  
 In voting for the *Money Bill* ;  
 Which, tho' compos'd with wondrous Skill,  
 Will never pass, I dare be bold,  
 A Pipe of Wine on it to hold.

THIS said, revolv'd on t'other Dose,<sup>[9]</sup>  
 To Tavern steer'd an Oblique Course :  
 Which standing almost within Hollow,<sup>[10]</sup>  
 I did his drunken Worship follow ;  
 Seem'd by his reeling thro' the Street,  
 To be much founder'd in his Feet.  
 So reach'd the *Bacchanalian* Mansion,  
 Before the Host had gave him Sanction.  
 And meeting with young Politicians,  
 Dull antiquated State Physicians ;  
 7 Replenishing their thirsty Souls  
 With Lemon Punch, in flowing Bowls.  
 Not waiting long for Invitation ;  
 At Fire Side took up my Station ;  
 As others did ; were grown profuse,  
 Inspir'd by the potent Juice,  
 On the Proceedings of that Day,  
 Whilst some at Dice, pass'd Time away :  
 When one dubb'd *Esqr* ; by Mistake,  
 His wise Remarks began to make,  
 On the new Plan for raising Pence,  
 Protesting, tho' it was the Sense  
 Of some, that sat in the wise \* *Mote*,  
 He cou'd not safely give his Vote,  
 For such an odd contriv'd Intention,  
 As e'er was laid before Convention :

---

\* *Assembly.*

8 Alledging, *Planters*, when in drink,  
 Wou'd light their Pipes with Paper Chink; <sup>[11]</sup>  
 And knowing not to read, might be  
 Impos'd on, by such Currency.

THESE Reasons, Laughter did create;  
 The Subject was of our Debate;  
 'Till Midnight, in her Sable Vest,  
 Persuaded *Gods* and *Men* to Rest;  
 And with a pleasing kind Surprize,  
 Indulg'd soft Slumber to my Eyes.  
 I call'd the drowsy *Passive Slave*,  
 To light me to my downy Grave:  
 Where instantly I was convey'd,  
 By one that pass'd for Chamber-Maid, }  
 Close by the Side of *Planter* laid.  
 Curious to know from whence he came,  
 I boldly crav'd his Worship's Name.  
 9 And tho' the *Don* at first seem'd sly,  
 At length he made this smart Reply.

I am, says he, that *Cocherouse*,  
 Once entertain'd you at his House,  
 When aged *Roan*, not us'd to falter,  
 If you remember, slipt his Halter;  
 Left *Sotweed Factor* in the Lurch,  
 As *Presbyterians* leave the Church:  
 However, since we here are met,  
 Let's, by Consent, take t'other Whet  
 Before we sleep; Content, said I;  
 Here, *Gipsy*, to the Cellar fly,  
 And bring us up a Flask of Clarret;  
 Since we are quarter'd in this Garret.  
 I think a Bottle has more Charms,  
 Than can be found in *Morpheus* Arms:  
 But finding the Mullatto fled,  
 To Chimney Nook, her native Bed;  
 10 And Night far spent, we thought it best,  
 To let the *Aethiopian* rest:  
 So gravely fell to Argument;  
 On the late Act of Parliament; <sup>[12]</sup>  
 The Growth of *Sotweed* to prevent,  
 And give our Staple freer Vent.

And thus the *Planter* first began,  
 This Matter seriously to scan ;  
 As in next *Canto* you will find,  
 Exactly copy'd from his Mind.

## CANTO II.

11      WHEN *Charles* the *First*, long since came hither,  
 In stormy and tempestuous Weather,  
 With *Royal Grant*, to settle here,  
 A Province, worthy of his Care ;  
 Leaving behind, to raise up Seed,  
 And tend a stinking *Indian Weed*,  
*Scotch, English, and Hybernians* wild,  
 From Sloth and Idleness exil'd.  
 Tobacco, then, no Duty paid ;  
 But Time has almost sunk the Trade, }  
 And Imposts on our Staple laid. }  
 From scorching *Africa's* burnt Shore,  
 Brought *Aethiopian* Slaves great Store.  
 More *Weeds* turn out, to Heat inur'd,  
 Than by the *Populace* are cur'd,  
 Makes it a Drug, as *Merchants* feel,  
 Whose Chance it is in Trash <sup>[18]</sup> to deal ;  
 Fit only to manure the *Earth*,  
 In *Physick* Gardens, finds good Birth.  
 But had old *Gaius* known the Pains,  
*Planters* are at, for little Gains,  
 He would have curst it long ago ;  
 In Quarters here so fast doth grow.  
*Plebeians* by it scarce can live,  
 To naked Brats Subsistance give.

12      THESE petty Charges not a few,  
 With Subsidies both old and new,  
 As Factors tell us, run so high,  
 They swallow up our Industry.  
 In whose undoubted Word and Honour,  
 (That *Female Idol*,) Pox upon her,  
*Planters* oblig'd are to confide,  
 Or learn to plow the *Ocean* wide ;  
 Had better trust to *Home-spun* Sails ;  
 Go sell their Labour at the Scales,

Than be, by *Bills of Sale* undone ;  
 Had to *Cape Fair*, at last to run.  
 And other Frauds us'd in the Trade,  
 Has almost Beggars of some made ;  
 Had rather by Shop Notes<sup>[14]</sup> be bit,  
*Hundred per Cent* pay for their Wit,  
 When Pride ambitious is to shine,  
 In gaudy Feathers rich and fine,  
 Than in coarse Goods lay out their Tubs,<sup>[15]</sup>  
 With Merchants here, unless 'tis Scrubs :  
 Has put them on their Guard, for why ?  
 It's better deal for *Currency*,  
 Than be impos'd on at that Rate,  
*Mundungus*<sup>[16]</sup> take, unfit for Freight.

14  
 THUS, we go on, but do not see  
 What may the Issue of it be.  
 Take care the Poor may live and thrive,  
 Against the Stream are left to strive ;  
 Wou'd be industrious, had we Pence,  
 Their Industry to recompence :  
 But to be paid with *Indian Weed*,  
 In Parcels, will not answer Need.  
 It's true, we may this Thread of Life  
 Spin out, in Penury and Strife ;  
 Like *Aesop's Swain*, did *Jove* desire  
 To help his Cart out of the Mire ;  
 To *Jupiter* at last apply,  
 For Help in our Extremity.  
 But *Jove* no Ear will lend to those,  
 That are their own unhappy Foes.  
 Then let us seriously reflect  
 Upon the worst we may expect,  
 Which is, with idle Drones to starve ;  
 A Doom we justly do deserve :  
 Whilst blest with all Things here below,  
 That *God* and *Nature* can bestow,  
 To make us happy, would we be  
 Industrious as the frugal Bee,  
 That visits each mellifluous Flower,  
 To load with Tyme, her wooden Bower,<sup>[17]</sup>  
 And tho a rich and fertile Soil,  
 As e're was water'd by the *Nile*,

15      Has luckily fell to our Share :  
           Yet maugre all our seeming Care : }  
           We Strangers to the Goddess are. }  
           Bright *Ceres*, whom the *Poets* feign,  
           To till the Ground, instructs the Swain,  
           By Industry t'improve his Lands,  
           Without the help of Savage Hands.

          THIS is our Case, and will, I fear,  
           Grow worse and worse, the Course we steer.  
           Are grown too populous to thrive,  
           Upon a nauseous Vegetive.<sup>[18]</sup>  
           And tho' the Law remains in Force,  
           The Market keeps its ebbing Course ;  
           And will, unless, we settle here,  
           A *Jubilee*<sup>[19]</sup> once in Five Year.  
           But as that may not take *Perchance*,  
           I will another *Scheme* advance,  
           Will do, says the projecting *Don* :  
           And thus in serious Tone went on.

          ALL Taxables<sup>[20]</sup> work in the Ground,  
           Both *Male* and *Female* that are sound,  
           Should be allow'd *Six Hundred Weight*,  
           Of *Sotweed* good, and fit for Freight,  
           To plant ; and he that dares tend more,  
           Shou'd wear the Broad R<sup>[21]</sup> on his Door :  
           Remain in *Misericordia*,<sup>[22]</sup>  
           'Till he the Fine in Specie pay.  
           *Merchants* likewise, our Staple buy,  
           Shou'd be oblig'd in *Currency*,  
           Or *Bills*, for the Sixth Part, to pay  
           Upon the Nail,<sup>[23]</sup> without Delay :  
           The rest in Goods, at common Sale,  
           Or be committed, without Bail.  
           And that we may the better thrive ;  
           Which is the Business of the *Hive*,  
           We ought conveniently to dwell  
           In *Towns* and *Cities*,<sup>[24]</sup> buy and sell  
           Our Merchandize at publick Scales.  
           And as it often rains and hails,  
           *Warehouses* should in common be  
           Erected ; where, for a small Fee,



Our *Staple* would be convey'd thither,  
 Securely screen'd from stormy Weather.  
 There, free from anxious needless Care,  
 We may, at Leisure, vend our Ware ;  
 Barter for Goods, as hath been said :  
 And ready Cash, that must be paid,  
 Our publick Duties to defray,  
 And old Arrears of *Quit-Rents* <sup>[26]</sup> pay.  
 A Tax equivalent has laid  
 Upon *Tobacco*, must be paid,  
 By Merchants, that the same Export,  
 In Bills, before it quits the Port.  
 18 But what is worst for *Patent* <sup>[26]</sup> Lands,  
 By others held, it Debtor stands.

I must confess, 'tis just and true,  
 That CAESAR should be paid his Due :  
 But one Man to monopolize  
 More Land, than yet he occupies,  
 And Foreigners the *Quit-Rents* pay,  
 In *Sterling* Coin, is not fair Play :  
 A Grievance ought to be suppress'd,  
 By Ways and Means, CAESAR knows best.  
 Thus, has our *Staple* of small Worth,  
 To many Evils given Birth :  
 That like *Ill Weeds*, unhappy Case,  
 As says the Proverb, *grows a-pace* ;  
 Which, to prevent, *Physicians* say,  
 Our Laws chalk out a wholesome Way :  
 But what is so, to speak the Truth,  
 Does not agree with every Tooth ;  
 19 Nor will the strictest penal Laws,  
 Contriv'd by Statesmen, strike the Cause.

THE only Way I know to heal  
 The ling'ring State of Common-weal,  
 Is to ordain all Taxes be,  
 As well the *Priest*, as *Lawyer's Fee*, }  
 Hereafter paid in *Currency* ;  
 Or with the Produce of our Grounds,  
 In *Stinkebus* <sup>[27]</sup> too much abounds ;  
 Else, 'tis in vain for us to hope,  
 With our Misfortunes long to cope.

MORE wou'd loquacious *Don* have said,  
 Had *Morpheus* not come to my Aid,  
 The God of Sleep, with Leaden Charms,  
 Lock'd up the *Planter* in his Arms :  
 Where silent as the Night he lay,  
 Till *Phosphor* usher'd in the Day.

20

## CANTO III.

SCARCE had the *Goddess* of the *Night*,  
 Resign'd her Throne to *Phoebus* bright ;  
 When calling for a Quart Decanter  
 Of *Sack*, I thus harangu'd the *Planter* :  
 Rise, *Oroonoko*, rise, said I,  
 And let us drink Prosperity  
 To *Maryland*, before we part ;  
 Starting, says he, with all my Heart.  
 I wish my Country very well :  
 And tho' the PRESS<sup>[28]</sup> with Schemes does swell,  
 To make us thrive at Home the better,  
 As *P. P.* tells us in his Letter,  
 If *Planters* wou'd be rul'd by me,  
 I will their best Physician be :  
 21 Prescribe the Means, wou'd, I am sure,  
 If rightly apply'd, work a Cure.

FIRST, let them *Swamps* and *Marshes* drain,  
 Fit to receive all Sorts of *Grain*,  
*Hemp*, *Flax*, *Rice* ; and let *Cotton*<sup>[29]</sup> here,  
 In all its *Autumn* Dress appear :  
 One Bale of each, more Pence will yield  
 In *Europe*, than the richest Field  
 Of *Oroonoko*, I am sure,  
 If nicely handled in the Cure.

NEXT, may their Industry be seen,  
 In *Pastures* fat, and *Meadows* green ;  
 Where *Sheep* and *Cattle* manure Ground,  
 In mighty Numbers shou'd abound.  
 The *Hides* will for their Grazing pay,  
 And *Wool* Misfortunes keep in Play,

48

22 Of those, must either work or starve,  
Oblig'd for Wife and Bearn's to carve :  
*Mechanicks* then of ev'ry Sort,  
And *Mariners* wou'd here resort,  
When they hear *Money* circulates,  
Within our Towns and City Gates.

BUT as this Land, like *Albion's* Isle,  
Is compos'd of a different Soil,  
So some shou'd *plant*, some drive the *Plow* ;  
And such as *Hemp* and *Flax* know how  
To dress, shou'd exercise the Brake ;<sup>[80]</sup>  
But not permitted be to make  
More Grain, or other Merchandize,  
Than may their Hands and Stocks suffice :  
Nor shou'd Crop Merchants correspond,  
On t'other Side the *Herring-Pond*,<sup>[81]</sup>  
23 Their pick'd and cull'd *Tobacco* send,  
In weighty Cask, to some sly Friend,  
Unless in Vessels of their own,  
And Ships here built, as shall be shewn.

BUT then, perhaps, it will be said,  
By those (to venture) are afraid,  
How shall these floating Castles be  
Equipp'd, and fitted for the Sea ?  
A Doubt not difficult to solve,  
Wou'd such (in Pence abound) resolve,  
As the *Phoenicians* did of old,  
To plow the Seas in Vessels bold ;  
Which *Draft-men* <sup>[82]</sup> best know how to mould. }  
Materials here, of every kind,  
May soon be found, were Youth inclin'd,  
To practice the ingenious Art  
Of Sailing, by *Mercator's* Chart.  
24 The Woods with *Timber Trees* abound ;  
Near *North-East*,<sup>[83]</sup> *Iron* may be found,  
The best that ever yet was made,  
As *Vulcans* say, on Anvil laid.  
From *Hemp* and *Flax*, may *Canvas Sails*  
And *Ropes* be drawn, that seldom fails,  
In stormy Winds, to act their Part,  
If twisted well by human Art.

NOTHING is wanting to compleat,  
 Fit for the Sea, a trading Fleet,  
 But Industry and Resolution,  
 Wou'd quickly heal our Constitution,  
 Were we unanimously bent,  
 Impending Evils to prevent.  
 Can ne'er think to grow Rich and Great,  
 But by an Independant State ;  
 25 Or hope to thrive, unless we try,  
 With Canvas Wings abroad to fly.  
 We then about the World might roam ;  
 See how our *Staple* sells at Home ;  
*Barbadoes* and *Jamaica* drain ;  
 Bring hither, from the Mines of *Spain*,  
*Moidores*, *Pistoles*, and *Cobbs*,<sup>[34]</sup> full Weight ;  
 The very best of *Spanish Plate*.<sup>[35]</sup>

BUT whether, with us they wou'd stay,  
 Is a hard Task for me to say ;  
 Since Current Coin, in ev'ry State,  
 Invented was, to circulate :  
 And to restrain it, is as hard,  
 As *Luna's* Motion to retard,  
 Unless, by Act of Limitation,  
 We cou'd make *Maryland* its Station :  
 26 Oblige it like the constant *Sun*,  
 Beyond its *Tropicks* not to run,  
*Potomack* River, (that's to say)  
 And *Delaware's* exuberant Bay.  
 But *Copper-Coin*, like vagrant *Cain*, }  
 Wou'd never wander into *Spain*, }  
 Or long in Misers Bags remain. }  
 This said, the Glass he upwards threw,  
 And bending backwards, strongly drew.  
 I pledg'd his Worship in a Brimmer ;  
 And thus retorted on the Sinner.

These Sentiments, I must confess,  
 Much Zeal for publick Good express :  
 But when all's done, as hath been said,  
 It's Industry must force a Trade :  
 Upon *Mercator* turn the Tables,  
 And cut those Interlopers Cables.

50

27 In Neighbouring Barks, export your Grain  
To Islands in the *Western Main*.

THAT's very true, the *Don* reply'd ;  
But they a Law have on their Side,  
For Six Months Space,<sup>[36]</sup> our Hands has ty'd, }  
Whereby they may this *Province* rifle,  
And drain our Coffers for a Trifle.

YOUR Laws said I, in Time may see  
And feel their Insufficiency.

AT this Reply, the *Don* sat mute,  
And willing to conclude Dispute,  
I, in few Lines, the Case sum'd up,  
As *Cockeroose* drank off his Cup :  
Then by the *Poet* be advis'd,  
Said I to him, seem'd much disguis'd ; }  
His Counsel's not to be despis'd.  
28 Begin, be bold, old *Horace* cries,  
And bravely venture to be wise.  
In vain, he on the Brook Side stands,  
With Shoes and Stockings in his Hands ;  
Waiting 'till all the Stream be past and gone,  
That runs, (alas !) and ever will run on.

FINIS.

## NOTES ON "SOTWEED REDIVIVUS."

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(1). *Forward's Newgate Bands*—doubtless Forward was some forgotten ruffian of the Jack Sheppard type.

(2). The fact that Maryland had but one staple was often deplored and frequent attempts were made to introduce the cultivation of other agricultural products, but without success, until the settlement of the Germans in Western Maryland.

(3). Annapolis was named for Queen Anne in 1696. It was previously known as Anne Arundel Town.

(4). The Lower House of the General Assembly, composed of four members from each county and two from the city of Annapolis.

(5). In 1730, the Legislature passed an act to encourage the importation of gold and silver into this province. So scarce was coin that in 1729 the act prohibiting clipping of coin was repealed, so that clipped coins could be used in making change. Tobacco was the ordinary currency.

(6). *Predial tythes*—tithes "arising and renewing from the profits of lands." (Blackstone.)

(7). *Magisterial Port*, i. e., the Country Seat.

(8). *Yellow boys*, gold coin.

(9). *Dose*, i. e., dram of liquor.

(10). *Hollow*, i. e., Halloo.

(11). *Chink*, i. e., Money.

(12). *Act of Parliament*, doubtless referring here to the act of the Assembly, as the English Parliament had no jurisdiction over such local affairs. In 1727, an act was passed giving encouragement to make hemp within this Province and another concerning tobacco; in 1728, one for improving the staple of tobacco; in 1729 and in 1730, acts for ascertaining the gauge and tare of tobacco hogsheads and to prevent cropping, cutting, and defacing tobacco taken on board ships and vessels upon freight and for laying importations on tobacco per the hogshead for the support of government, etc. These facts show the great interest taken in the staple at this time in the Provincial Assembly.

(13). *Trash*, worthless, unmerchantable tobacco.

(14). *Shop notes*, i. e., orders on a shop for goods, bills of credit issued by the proprietor of the Shop. *Cape Fair*, query whether this should not be *Cape Fear*, North Carolina, which colony was a not uncommon refuge for bankrupts.

(15). *Lay out their Tubs*, i. e., expend the contents of their tubs or hogsheads of tobacco for expensive goods.

(16). *Mundungus*, a Spanish word, tobacco made up into a black roll, so as to look like black pudding or tripe. It is interesting to note that Sterne in the *Sentimental Journey* used this word as a nickname for Frederick, Sixth Lord Baltimore.

(17). *Wooden bower*, the beehive.

(18). *Vegetive*, vegetable, plant.

(19). The land lay fallow in the year of *Jubilee*, according to the Mosaic law.

(20). *Taxable*, a person who pays, or for whom is paid a poll-tax.

(21). *Broad R*—R. for *rogue* was branded on criminals; possibly Cooke proposed that the letter should be branded on the door instead of on the person.

(22). *Misericordia*, in the power and at the mercy of the Court.

(23). *Upon the nail*, at once.

(24). The General Assembly was continually establishing towns on paper and the need of such towns was strongly felt.

(25). *Quit rents*, an annual payment by land holders to the Lord Proprietary in discharge or acquittance of other services.

(26). *Patent Lands*, lands to which the title came from a patent issued by the Lord Proprietary.

(27). *Stinkebus*, the ill-smelling plant, tobacco.

(28). *The Press*—William Parks had established the Maryland Gazette in 1727.

(29). *Cotton*, an early reference to the importance of that staple to the South. Diversification of industry was a crying need of colonial Maryland.

(30). *Brake*, a machine for breaking up the woody portion of flax, to loosen it from the harl or fibres.

(31). *Herring-Pond*—note the early use of this colloquialism for the Atlantic Ocean. Dunton, in his *Letters from New England*, published in 1688, is the first author recorded in the *Oxford Dictionary* as having used the term.

(32). *Draft-men*, draughtsmen, naval architects.

(33). Reference is to the Principio iron furnaces in Cecil County, near the North East River.

(34). *Moidore*, a gold coin of Portugal worth about \$6.50. *Pistole*, a Spanish gold coin worth about \$4. *Cobb*, the Spanish silver piece of eight reals, or dollar.

(35). *Spanish Plate*, i. e., Spanish silver; Plata = silver.

(36). *Six months space*, i. e., the laws allowed six months credit.

AN

ELEGY

[on] *the Death of the Honourable Nicholas  
Lowe, Esq:*

*Memor esto brevis Aevi*

WHAT means this Mourning, Ladies, has Death led.  
Your Brother Captive to his Earthly Bed?  
Is LOWE to Nature's chilly Womb returned,  
[Who ca]utiously the fatal Summons shun'd?  
[And V]ery rarely moisten would his Clay  
[For F]ear he should a final Visit pay  
[To t]he opacous Mansions of the Dead,  
[By] Worms, vile Reptiles, be devour'd.  
[He]re Kings and Beggars lie, the Gulph have shot,  
[Toge]ther blended in the general Lot;  
[Ming]le their Dust, and into Ashes turn;  
[Distin]guish'd only by a gilded Urn,  
[The m]arble Tomb erected o'er their Pile,  
[Who] sway'd the Sceptre of Great *Britain's* Isle.  
[Victo]rious DEATH, all are alike to Thee,  
[The] tender Saplin and the Almond Tree;  
[Whe]n FATE commands: thou levelst with the Ground,  
[The] pointed Dart gave LOWE his mortal Wound.  
[No h]uman Art can brittle Life prolong,  
[Our] Days are numbered: and we must be gone.  
[Or soon] or late to whom we do belong.  
[As so]on the vigorous Youth as aged Swain,  
[Neve]r, ah! never to return again.



[Why] Should we then LOWE'S Absence grieve, since all  
 [Have sha]r'd the Punishment by *Adam's* Fall  
 [But A]h ! Maecenas, who his Death can bear,  
 [His] conduct knew, and unconcern'd appear.  
 [How cou]ld our Agent in his Winding Sheet  
 [The De]athless Trunk become bound Hand and Feet,  
 [Oh !] not in Floods of Tears his Exit mourn  
 [His] Ghost surrender'd with a dying Groan ;  
 [For] if Lowe's Life impartially we scan,  
 [A cautio]us, sober, charitable Man ;  
 [His Co]nversation innocently free, }  
 [When] Business called him into Company }  
 [Nor P]rone to Vice, or Immorality  
 [But] tho' none live so just as to be found  
 [With]out some Fault that may their Conscience wound,  
 [It ca]n be said, his Character to blast,  
 [He liv]'d and dy'd a Batchelor at last.

### EPITAPH

[Lo] *here he lies, wrapt in his winding Sheet,*  
 [A] *straea bound his Hands, and DEATH his Feet*  
*And that he might of Happiness partake,*  
 [JEH]OVAH did his soul to Heaven take,  
 [His Ha]beas Corpus mov'd his Body too,  
 [And] to this World he bid a long Adieu.  
 [Excha]nging all its gaudy Pageantry, }  
 [For tha]t blest State of Immortality, }  
 [Which] Saints enjoy to all Eternity,

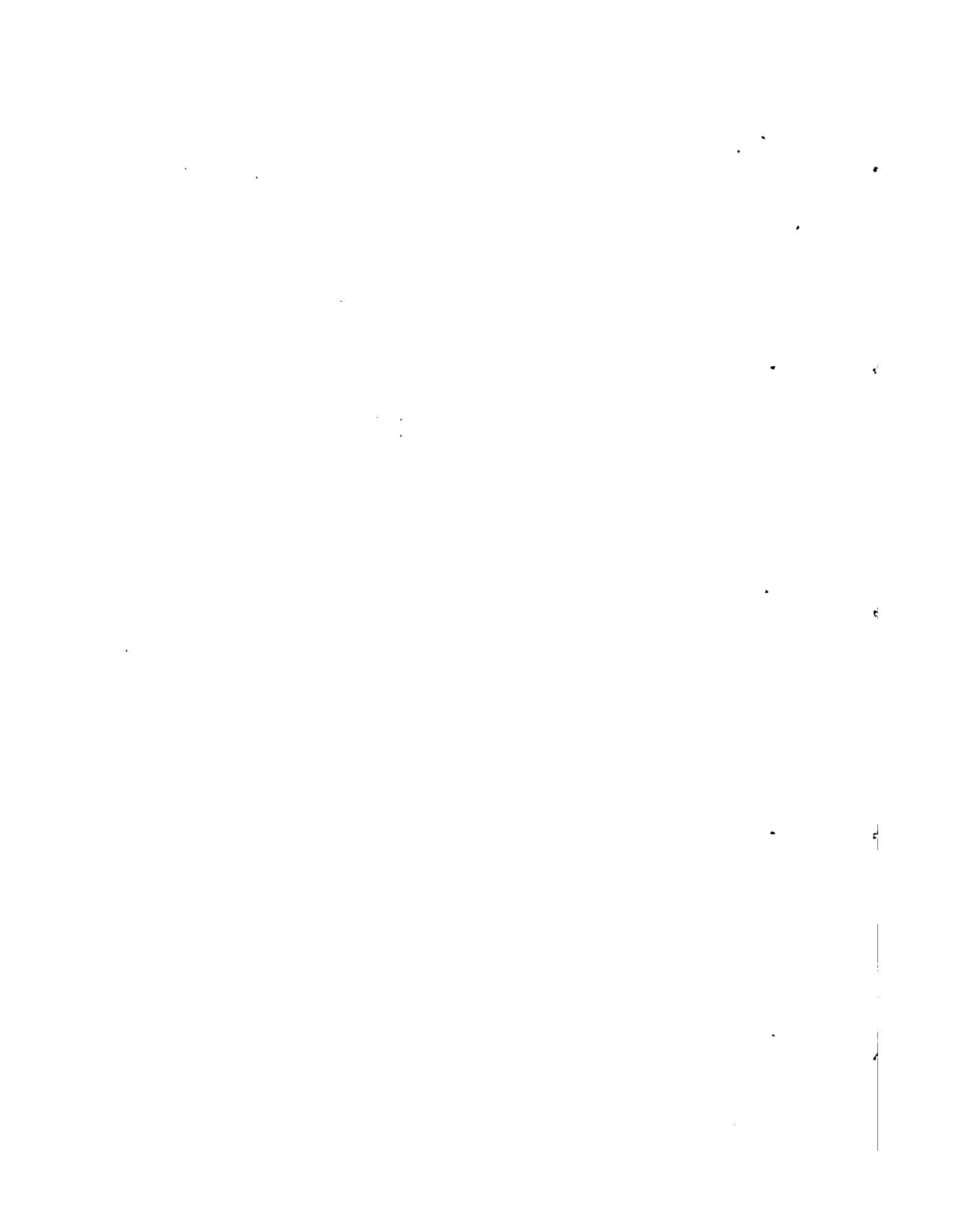
BY E. Cooke. Laureat.

## NOTES ON THE "ELEGY ON NICHOLAS LOWE."

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The volume of the newspaper, in which this elegy appeared, which has been preserved in the Maryland Historical Society's Library, was bound so carelessly that the initial letters of nearly every line of the poem were cut off. They have been restored conjecturally and are indicated by brackets.

*Nicholas Lowe* was the son of Col. Henry Lowe, of St. Mary's County, and Susanna Bennett, his wife. His father, Col. Henry Lowe, was a nephew of Lady Jane, wife of Charles, 3d Lord Baltimore. His mother, Susanna Bennett, was the daughter of Richard Bennett, Jr. (died 1667), and granddaughter of Richard Bennett, who was Governor of Virginia, 1652-55. Her brother, Richard Bennett, of Bennett's Point, Queen Anne County, is said to have been the richest subject in America. Susanna Bennett was twice married; first, to John Darnall (died 1684), brother of Col. Henry Darnall and a relative of the Calvert family; and secondly, to Col. Henry Lowe. By the first marriage she had one daughter; by the second, she had a large family of children, though all her sons died without issue. The mother of Susanna Bennett was Henrietta Maria Neale, daughter of Capt. James Neale, who married, first, Richard Bennett, Jr. (died 1667), and secondly, Col. Philemon Lloyd (died 1685). By her second marriage she was the mother of the Hon. Edward Lloyd, of Wye, President of the Council and Acting Governor of Maryland, 1709-1714.



MUSCIPULA:

**The Mouse Trap, or the Battle of the Cambrians & the Mice;**

A POEM

BY

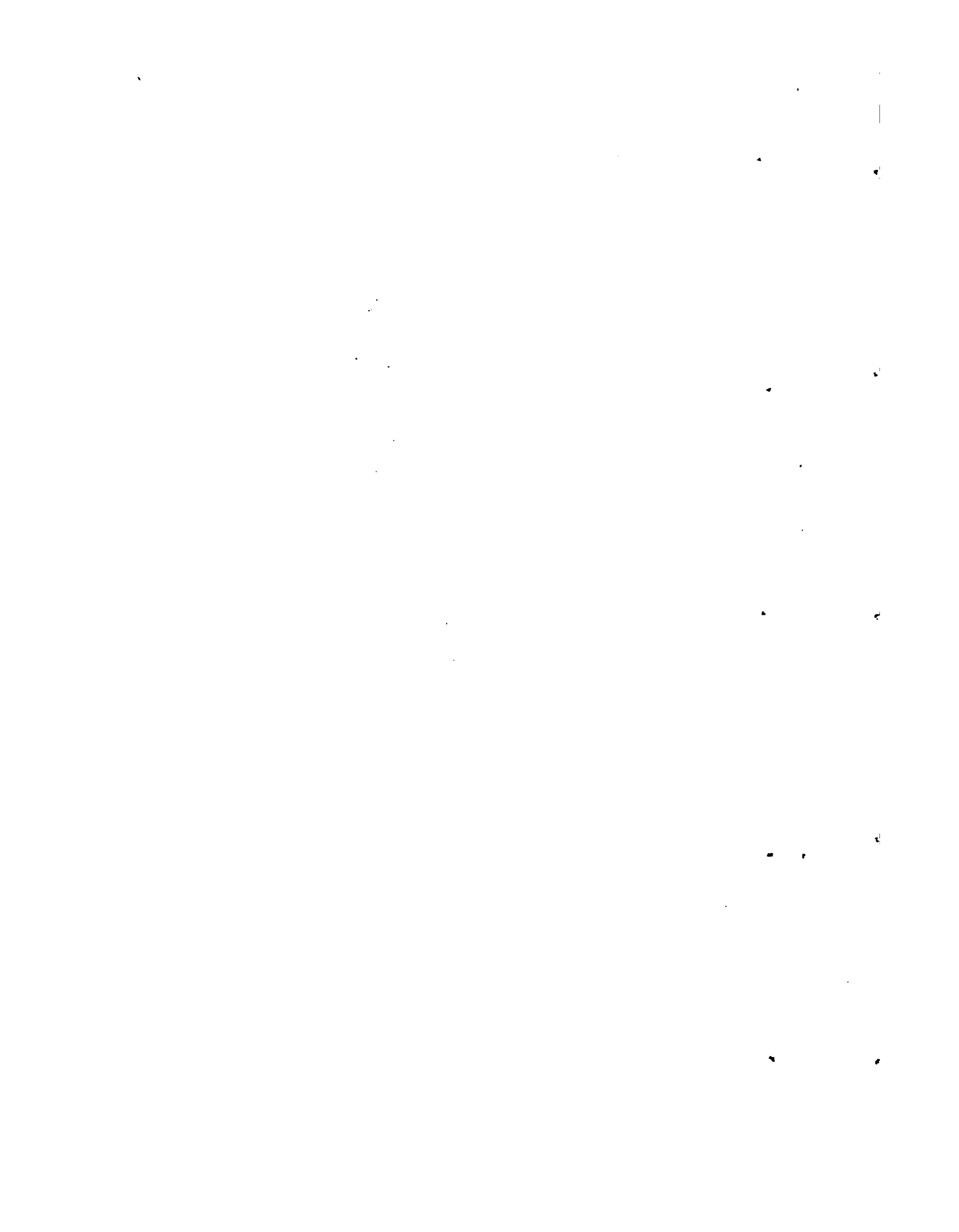
EDWARD HOLDSWORTH,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

R. LEWIS.

ANNAPOLIS, 1728.





To His Excellency

**BENEDICT LEONARD CALVERT,**<sup>[1]</sup>

Governour, and Commander in Chief, in  
and over the Province of MARYLAND.

**P**ERMIT GREAT SIR! a Visit from  
(the Muse,  
Nor to her *comic Tale* your Smile refuse:  
With humble Duty she presumes to lay  
Before your curious View, — This FIRST ESSAY  
Of *Latin Poetry*, in *English Dress*,  
Which MARYLAND hath publish'd from the Press.  
Could I preserve that Beauty in *my Lays*,  
Which HOLDSWORTH'S<sup>[2]</sup> bright Original displays;  
I need not, then, the *Critick's* Censure fear,  
Secure to please the most judicious Ear.  
But all TRANSLATORS must with Grief confess,  
that while they strive in ENGLISH to express

vi

The pleasing Charms of *Latin Poësy*,  
They lose its genuine Life, and Energy:  
Some Grace peculiar thro' each Language flows,  
Which other Idioms never can disclose.  
Besides, in all GOOD \* POETRY, we find

---

\* Poetry, (says Sir *John Denham* in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the 2d *Aeneid*.) is of so subtile a Spirit, that in pouring out of One Language into Another, it will all evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*.

## DEDICATION

A *Spirit* of a most exalted kind:  
 To pour it off, in vain the *Artist* tries, }  
 The *subtile Spirit* in *Transfusion* flies }  
 And the *insipid Version*, lifeless lies. }  
 These Hardships, on the *happiest Muse*, attend,  
 With Candor, then, *my artless Verse* befriend:  
 Nor *Here*, expect such "*soft enchanting Strains*,"  
 As once You heard on fair ITALIAN PLAINS;  
 Where, the kind Climate does the Muse inspire }  
 With Thoughts sublime, and gay poetic Fire; }  
 Where VIRGIL, OVID, HORACE, struck the Lyre: }  
 Who still demand our Wonder, and our Praise;  
 Nor spite, nor Time, shall ever blast their Bays.

vii

*There* PAINTURE breathes, *There* STATUARY lives,  
 And MUSIC most delightful Rapture gives:  
*There*, pompous Piles of *Building* pierce the Skies,  
 And endless Scenes of *Pleasure* court the Eyes.  
 While *Here*, rough Woods embrown the Hills and Plains,  
 Mean are the *Buildings*, artless are the *Swains*:  
 "*To raise the Genius*," WE no Time can spare,  
 A bare *Subsistence* claims our utmost Care.  
 But from the Gen'rous Purpose of *Your Heart*,  
 Which, in † *Your Speech*<sup>[3]</sup> you graciously impart;  
 To give to VIRTUE its deserved Applause,  
 To punish daring VICE, by wholsom Laws;  
 To animate the PEOPLE, now dismayed,  
 And add new Life to our declining TRADE;  
 We hope to see soft Joys o'erspread the *Land*,  
 And *happier Times* deriv'd from *Your Command*.  
 For should Your EXCELLENCY's Plan take Place,  
 Soon will returning *Plenty* shew its Face:  
 The *Markets* for our STAPLE,<sup>[4]</sup> would advance,  
 Nor shall we live, as *now* we do, by CHANCE.

viii

No more, the lab'ring PLANTER shall complain  
 How *vast* his *Trouble*! but how *small* his *Gain*!  
 THE MARINER shall bless you, when releast  
 From Toil, which sunk him down from *Man* to *Beast*.

---

 † Oct. 10, 1727.

## DEDICATION

The MERCHANT, shall applaud your Care, to free  
 His freighted Vessel from the *Wintry Sea*.  
 And *Husbands, Brothers, Sons*, from *Shipwreck* save'd,  
 In Climes remote, with Joy shall be receiv'd ;  
 And thankful, tell their *Mothers, Sisters, Wives*,  
 That You, next PROVIDENCE, preserv'd their Lives.

WHEN *Records*, which to *You*, their Being owe,  
 These *Acts* to *late Posterity* shall show ;  
 Our *Children's Children* shall extol YOUR Name,  
 And YOUR's shall equal your great GRANDSIRE's Fame,  
 HIM, shall they stile the *Founder* of the *State*,  
 From YOU its *Preservation* shall they date.  
 Oh, may kind HEAV'N regard me, while I pray,  
 That these great Blessings, might attend YOUR Sway !  
 May *Peace* harmonious, in our *Councils* reign,  
 And no *Dissensions* make their Meeting vain !

ix

May the PREROGATIVE receive no Wound,  
 And PRIVILEGE preserve its proper Bound !  
 May ALL our SENATORS, with honest Zeal,  
 To PRIVATE GAIN prefer the PUBLIC WEAL !  
 Then, shall *Their Actions* due Applause obtain,  
 And ARTS POLITE, shall shine in this DOMAIN ;  
 Then, shall some future *Bard* THEIR Praise rehearse ;  
 And paint YOUR *happy Rule* in *never-dying Verse*.  
 But while thus fondly I persue my Rhyme, }  
 And trespass on Your EXCELLENCY's Time, }  
 Against the PUBLIC I commit a Crime. }  
 YET — hear me! — while I beg you to excuse,  
 This bold Intrusion of an *unknown Muse* ;  
 And if her Faults too manifest appear,  
 And her rude Numbers should offend your Ear,  
 Then, if you please with your forgiving Breath,  
 Which can relieve the Wretch condemn'd, from Death,  
 To speak a Pardon for her Errors past,  
 This FIRST Poetic Crime, shall prove her LAST.



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THE  
PREFACE.

THE unexpected Encouragement, which hath been given to the *following Translation*, is, I must acknowledge, much greater than it merited: But that I might in some Measure, deserve the Benevolence, with which this small Performance hath been entertain'd, I have endeavour'd to render it more perfect than it appeared in the *Copy*, which was presented to the *Subscribers*: On this Account the *Publication* hath been deferred, for some Time; but that Delay, will I hope be excused, when it is known, that I have translated the greatest Part of the Poem a-new; and have printed the *Latin* with it, that my *Friends* may find some Satisfaction in the *Original*, if my *Version* should have the Ill-fortune to displease them.

It would be disingenuous not to confess that there are many Faults in this Piece; but it would be a needless Act of Humility, to point them out, particularly; since, by printing the *Latin* and *English* in *one View*, they will easily be discovered; and however imprudent I may be thought, for setting my Failures in so clear a Light, yet I persuade my self, that *Men of Learning* will treat me with Indulgence, because they are sensible that it is very difficult to succeed *happily*, in translating Poetry. Mr. *Dryden*, an approved Judge,

Judge, in Things of this Nature, in his Preface to *Ovid's Epistles*, hath enumerated the Hardships, which a *Translator* must undergo, in rendring an Author, into *English Verse*, especially *Rhyme*: And my Lord *Roscommon*, is allowed to speak very justly, in the Motto of my Title-page, where he says, that — *Good Translation* is no *easy Art*.

I am not so arrogant, as to call This a *Good Translation*, but since it is acknowledged, to be a Matter of much Difficulty, to translate well; I hope to pass at least uncondemn'd, if *It* appears to be but a *tolerable Version*; and that my *English Readers* will not be displeas'd with an Attempt, to shew them a *Draught* of a celebrated Poem, though it falls vastly short of the Beauties of its *Original*.

THAT I might do my Author all the Justice in my Power, I have avoided the *Libertinism* of a *Paraphrast*, on one Hand, and the *Idolatry* of a *mere literal Translator*, on the other. The *Sentiments* of an *Original*, ought to be preserved, with all *possible Exactness*, but they are too frequently disregarded in a *Paraphrase Translation*. And nothing can be more ridiculous, and unentertaining, than a *too faithful* Attachment to the *Phrase* of a Writer; and a *tyrannic* Endeavour, to confine a *Latin Poet*, to express his Thoughts, in *English*, by the *same Number of Lines*, and *Words*, which He thought *sufficient* for that Purpose, in the *Roman Language*.

THIS Poem, is of the *Mock Heroic*, or *Burlesque* Kind, of which, there are *two Sorts*. *One*, describes a *ludicrous Action*, in *Heroic Verse*; such is *The Rape of the Lock*: The *Other* under *low Characters*, and in *odd, uncommon Numbers*, debases some great Event; as *Buller* has done, in his celebrated *Hudibras*; which would have been still more *truly comical* in the Opinion of an *excellent Judge*, if it had been written in the *Heroic Measure*.

I am sensible that Performances of the *mirthful* Sort, are look'd upon as *Trifles*, by many *serious Persons*; and my *Readers* of that *Temper*, may think the Time mispent, which was employ'd in translating this Piece: But as an Example of the *same Nature*, may moderate the Rigor of their Judgement; I shall take Leave to inform them, that *Dr. Parnell*, the ingenious Author of an *Essay on Homer*,  
 prefix'd

prefix'd to Mr. *Pope's* Version of the *Iliad*, hath translated *Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, and gives this Account of it:—“The *Batrachomyomachia*, is one of *Homer's* incontestable Works; and however it has been disputed, is allowed for His, by many Authors: Amongst whom *Stattius* (in his *Praef. ad Sylv. I.*) hath reckon'd it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a Tryal of his Force before his greater Performances. It is indeed a beautiful Piece of Rallery, in which a great Writer may delight to unbend himself; an instance of that agreeable Trifling, which hath been at some Time or other indulg'd by the finest Geniuses, and the Offspring of that amusing and cheerful Humour, which generally accompanies the Character of a rich Imagination, like a Vein of *Mercury* running with a Mine of *Gold*.”

LET me not then be blamed for imitating the Diversions of the most sublime Writers; and admit this other Plea in my Behalf, that Translations from *Latin* into *English*, are the most certain Means of Improvement, in each of those Tongues; and therefore, an Exercise of this kind, cannot be thought improper for One who is engaged in teaching Language. This slight Attempt in Poetry, has been, to Me, a pleasing Amusement, in the Intervals of a very fatiguing Employment; and I have the more readily given into this Entertainment, because I thought it innocent: For I assure my *Readers*, that I had no intention to derogate from the Honour of the *Cambrians*, or their celebrated *St. David*; nor does That appear to be the Design of my Author; for he avers to his Patron, “That he should have been very base, if he had intended by this Trifle, to cast a Reproach on so illustrious a Nation as the *Welsh*; but that this Recreation of his Muse, was of too light a Nature, to detract in the least, from the Fame of the *Cambro-Britons*, or afford any just Occasion for blaming the Author,—however he may be condemned by testy Judges.”

BUT if the *Cambrians* will not allow the *Author's* Excuse; the Translator hopes to be acquitted by those Gentlemen, on account of the Annotations, at the End of the Piece; which he hath collected, that the *true Britons*, for whom  
he

he professes all due Veneration, might receive that Justice from the *Notes* to the *Mouse-Trap*, which seems to be denied them in the *Poem*.

MY Friends, to whom I am obliged for the Subscriptions to my first Production, are desired to accept my Thanks for their Good-Will towards me; and as I have not the Pleasure of a *Personal Acquaintance* with many of them, I thought it my Duty to acknowledge their Favours by printing their Names, though it may look as if I was rather indulging my own Vanity, than discharging a Debt of Gratitude, while I mention in *this publick manner*, those Favours which it is an Honour to ME, to have receiv'd.

FOR my own Part, I have too mean an Opinion of my self to suppose *this Honour* was paid to *my Merit*; but attribute the Civilities I have found, to a *generous Disposition in the Province*, to encourage *Learning*; and I hope, some abler Hand may be excited to entertain the *Public*, after a *more elegant Manner*, when it shall appear from the subsequent List, that the *smallest Attempt* to cultivate *polite Literature*, in MARYLAND, has been received with such ample Testimonies of Candor and Generosity.



A LIST

(xiv)

A

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MUSCIPULA,  
SIVE  
KAMPOMYOMAXIA.

**M**ONTICOLAM Britonem qui primus Vincula  
Muri  
Finxit, & ingenioso occlusit carcere Furem,  
Lethalesq; dolos, & inextricabile fatum  
Musa rejicit ———

MUSCIPULA.

———Tu Phoebe potens, (nam te quoq; quondam  
Muribus infestum dixerunt Smynthëa Vates)  
O faveas; & tot Cambrorum e Montibus, unum  
Accipiens vice Pindi, adsis, dum pingere versu  
Res tenues, humilique; juvat colludere musa.

MUS, inimicum animal, praedari, & vivere raptu  
Suetum, impune diu, spoli qua innata libido  
Jusserat, erravit, sceleratam exercuit artem  
Impavidus, saliensq; hinc illinc, cuncta maligno  
Corrupt dente, & patina male lusit in omni.  
Nil erat intactum, sed ubiq; domesticus hostis  
Assiduus conviva aderat, non moenia furtis

THE  
 MOUSE-TRAP,  
 OR THE  
 BATTLE (a) of the CAMBRIANS  
 and MICE.

**T**HE MOUNTAIN-DWELLING BRI-  
 TON who design'd  
 A MOUSE-TRAP first, and safe in Jail  
 confine'd  
 His thievish Foe; — th' inextricable fate  
 Th' ingenious deathful wiles, O Muse relate!

---

(a) See the Notes at the End.

*The* MOUSE-TRAP.

Thou potent PHOEBUS! (for as Poets sing,  
 TO MICE, thou once didst great destruction bring;  
 Whence, in their Writings, (b) SMYNTHEUS is thy  
 name,)

Be present, and propitious to my Theme!  
 For one of (c) CAMBRIA'S Hills, quit (d) PINDUS'  
 Mount,  
 While I, in lowly Lays, do humble Deeds recount.

THE MOUSE, a noxious animal of prey, }  
 By rapine fed, unpunish'd, wont to stray }  
 Where innate lust of plunder led the way, }  
 Persu'd his wicked arts without controul,  
 And fearless, did in peace and plenty roll.  
 Now here, now there he rov'd, a nimble thief,  
 Each dish debauching with malignant teeth.  
 Nothing was left untouch'd, at every feast }  
 The Household-Foe was an assiduous guest; }  
 Nor bars nor walls his ravage could resist. }

6

*Obstare, aut vectes poterant servare placentas  
Robustaeve fores ; quâ non data porta, peredit  
Ipse sibi introitum, dapibusq ; indulsit inemptis.*

*PESTIS at haec totum dum serpsit inulta per orbem,  
Cambria praecipue flevit, quia Caseus illic  
Multus olet, quem Mus non aequè ac plurima, libat,  
Aut leviter tantùm arrodit, sed dente frequenti  
Excavat, interiusq ; domos exculpit edules.*

*GENS tota incensa est super his, rabiesq ; dolorq ;  
Discruciant animos, frendent, juga summa pererrant,  
Stare loco ignorant ; nam Cambri prona furori  
Corda calent, subitâq ; ignescunt pectora bile,  
Cum Digitis credas animos quoq ; Sulphure tinctos.*

8

*ERGO, jubente Irâ, dignas cum sanguine paenas  
Sumere decretum est, sed quâ ratione Latronem  
Tam cautum illaqueent, quo vindice furta repellant  
Incertum ; nequè Felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri  
Tecta, nec adversis poterat succurrere rebus.  
Illa quidem varias posuit circum ora Cavernae  
Insidias, tacitoq ; pede ad cava limina repens  
Excubias egit ; frustrâ : Mus nempe pusillo  
Corpore securus, tanto & praestantior hoste  
Quo minor, intentum praedae si fortè videret  
Custodem ante fores, retro irruit, inq ; recessus  
Aufugit curvos, atq ; invia Felibus antra :*



10

*Inde caput metuens iterum proferre, nec ausus  
Excursus tentare novos, nisi castra moveret  
Praedo, atq; omne aberat vigili cum Fele periculum.*

*S I C Cambri (Cambros liceat componere Muri)  
Elusere Hostes, cum Julius, orbe subacto,  
Imperio adjecit Britonas; sic nempé recessit  
Ad latebras Gens tota, & inexpugnabile vallum,  
Montes; sic sua saxa inter, medioq; ruinae  
Delituit tuta, & desperans vincere, vinci  
Noluit; hinc priscos memorant longo ordine Patres,  
Indomitasq; crepant Terras, Linguaeque; senectam.*

12

*FELINOS igitur postquam Mus saepius unguis  
Fugerat, & Britoni Spes non erat ulla salutis  
A socio Belli, supremo in limite Terrae  
Concilium accitur, quod nunc Menevia plorat  
Curtatos Mitrae titulos, & nomen inane  
Semi-sepultae Urbis; properant hinc inde frequentes  
Patresq; Proceresq; & odorum Sulphure vulgus.*

*T U M Senior, cui saepé suis in Montibus Hircus  
Prolixam invidit barbam; cuiq; oru manusq;  
Prisca incrustavit Scabies, spectabilis auld  
Stat mediâ, fractus senio, Postiq; reclinis  
Cambrorum vexato humeris; & gutture ab imo*

11

Nor new excursions daring thence to make,  
 Unless the Spoiler should the Camp forsake ;  
 With fearful Caution he conceal'd his head,  
 'Till with GRIMALKIN all the danger fled.

THE CAMBRIANS thus escap'd the raging war,  
 (If we to MICE may CAMBRIANS compare,)  
 When mighty (e) JÜLIUS by his dreadful Sword,  
 Compell'd the conquer'd Globe to call him Lord ;  
 While their poor neighbor BRITONS were subdu'd,  
 The CAMBRIANS did his potent Arms elude ;  
 Thus to their Mountains the whole Nation fled,  
 Ramparts impregnable, by Nature made :  
 Despair of Conquest drove them from the Field,  
 Yet still their haughty Souls disdain to yield ;  
 Amidst their Rocks and Ruins they retreat,  
 There safely lurking, they preserv'd the State ;  
 Hence their most tedious pedigrees they boast,  
 Their Antique Tongue, and (f) Freedom never lost.

13

TH' insulting MOUSE did now the arms defy  
 Of CAMBRIA, and GRIMALKIN, her Allie :  
 With bold incursions he disturb'd their rest,  
 And banish'd hope from every BRITISH breast.  
 At length a solemn Council by command,  
 Meets on th' extremest limit of the land,  
 Where now (g) St. DAVID'S does her Fate deplore, }  
 An empty Name ; her Prelates are no more, }  
 Half-buried sinks her City on the Shore. }  
 Elders and Nobles here promiscuous crowd,  
 With those whose sulph'rous scent confess'd their vulgar  
 blood.

THE SENIOR then, whose beard prolix had been  
 By Mountain-Goats with envy often seen ;  
 With Scurf incrusted were his hands and face, }  
 A Scurf hereditary to his Race, }  
 Conspicuous, in the midst assumes his place : }  
 His limbs decrepit 'gainst a post recline'd,  
 Which, polish'd by the backs of CAMBRIANS, shine'd

14

*Densas praecipitans Voces, non inquit aperto  
De bello sed furto agitur ; non exterus hostis,  
Sed majus graviusq ; malum, nimis intimus hospes,  
Compulit huc populum ; dominabitur usq ; Tyrannus  
Mus petulans ? Vos ergo Patres, venerabilis Ordo,  
Quæis patriæ pretiosa salus, finite dolores  
Consilio tantos, & si spes ulla supersit,  
Propitias adhibete manus ; sic Cadwalladeri  
Dum clarescat honos, vestra hic quoq ; gloria crescet.*

*DIXIT, & ante oculos fragmenta, & mucida tollens,  
Frustula, Reliquias furti, monumenta rapinae,  
Exacuit Cambrorum iras : Nunc aemulus Ardor*

16

*Vindictæ, nunc laudis amor, sub pectore Patrum  
Ardet, inauditam meditatur quisq ; ruinam  
Muri, Muscipulamq ; statim extudit omne cerebrum.*

*A T quidam ante alios notus Cognomine Taffi,  
Et Magis ingenio celebris, (cui Wallia nunquam  
Æqualem peperit, Faber idem, idemq ; Senator  
Eximius,) sic orsus erat ; si gloria Gentis  
Caseus intereat, metuo ne tota colonum  
Deficiat coena, & Mensæ decus omne Secundæ  
Divitibus pereat ; quoniam ergo Wallica virtus  
Et Feles nequeant superare hæc Monstra, fabrilis  
Dextera quid possit, quid machina vafra doliq ;  
Experiar ; “Dolus, an virtus quis in hoste requirit ?”*

15

From his deep throat the clustring accents broke  
 Precipitant, and thus aloud he spoke :  
 Not open War constrains us here to meet,  
 But private Theft, impov'ring our State ;  
 An Inmate-Guest, and not a foreign foe,  
 Excites our deepest grief, our weightiest woe ;  
 Shall MICE, with petulancy arm'd, maintain,  
 Maugre our best efforts, their tyrant-reign ?  
 Ye FATHERS! whose Degree we all revere,  
 If to your hearts the Common-weal be dear,  
 Let your sage Counsels yield us some relief,  
 And with your helping hands remove our load of grief ;  
 Thus, while (h) CADWALLADER'S bright fame shall  
live,  
 So long to you shall men due honour give.

H E said, and rais'd the scraps of CHEESE in view,  
 Unsightly fragments, of a mouldy hue ;  
 Reliques of theft, and monuments of spoil ;  
 With rancrous Rage the CAMBRIAN Bosoms boil :

17

And now revenge, and now the love of Praise,  
 Does in their breasts an em'lous ardor raise ;  
 Each vows the foe shall feel unheard-of pain,  
 And MOUSE-TRAPS in Idēa fill each brain.

B U T one, whose Cunning was diffus'd by Fame,  
 Beyond the rest, and TAFFY was his name,  
 (Black-smith and Senator, sublime he shone  
 In each Capacity ;—his equal none  
 Was ever born in WALES,) to speak begun : }  
 Great are the fears which my poor breast assail,  
 Lest CHEESE, the glory of our Nation fail ;  
 Then shall the Plowman his whole supper lose,  
 Nor can the Rich their SECOND COURSE produce ;  
 Since CAMBRIAN valour yields us no relief,  
 Nor can our CATS oe'rcome the monster thief,  
 I'll try what this mechanic hand can do,  
 If guileful Traps will these our Foes subdue ;  
 " And when Success an Enemy attends,  
 " Who asks if FRAUD, or FORCE obtain'd his Ends ?



18

*T A L I A jactantem circumstant undiq ; fixis  
Haerentes oculis, sperataq ; gaudia laeto  
Murmure certatim testantur, & unde salutem  
Promissam expectent, rogitant, ardentque doceri.*

*I L L E caput scalpens, (nam multùm scalpere Cambris  
Expedi) horrendùm subrisit, & ora resolvens  
Talia verba refert. Cùm fessus membra quieti  
Hesternâ sub nocte dedi, & sopor obruit altus  
Lumina, Mus audax sectatus, opinor, odores  
Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab ore  
Caseus, accessit furtim, & compage solutis  
Faucibus irrepsit, jamque ipsa in viscera lapsus,  
Crudas ventris opes rapere, hesternamque paravit  
Heu ! malè munito furari è gutture caenam ;*

20

*Excussus subitò somnis, sub dente Latronem,  
Dum resilire parat, prensi, frustrâque rebellem  
Mordaci vinc'lo astrinxi : Sic carcere Murem,  
Posse capi instructus, nova mox ergastula, mecum  
Haec meditans, statui fabricare, animoque catenas  
Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggesserat oris  
Captivus. Mirum O ! quali regit omnia lege  
Dextra arcana Jovis ! Quàm caecis passibus errat  
Causarum series ! Nobis Mus ipse salutem  
Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante dolores  
Tollere jam docuit ; neve hunc habuisse magistrum  
Vos pudeat, Patres ; "Fas est vel ab Hoste doceri."*

19

I N joyful murmurs, the surrounding throng  
 Applaud the boastful accents of his tongue ;  
 With wishful Eyes they beg their promis'd joys,  
 And, ardent, hope their safety from his voice.  
 H E scratch'd his head, (for to the CAMBRIAN race  
 Scratching yields much delight,) with horrid grace  
 He sneer'd, and then wide-gaping, thus he said ;  
 Last night, when deepest sleep my eyes o'erspread,  
 And wrapt my weary limbs in soft repose,  
 A daring MOUSE, attracted I suppose  
 By unconcocted CHEESE, in od'rous fumes  
 Exhaling from my greasy mouth, presumes  
 Thro' my dissever'd teeth to steal his way,  
 And make the treasure of my guts his prey ;

21

Which quickly would have been the dire event,  
 Had not I, waking, spoil'd his curs'd intent ;  
 Shut fast my mouth, to hold the glutton-thief,  
 And made our Foe the captive of my teeth :  
 Struggling, the Rebel strove to 'scape, in vain ;  
 Tenacious bonds his backward flight restrain.  
 Thus when I was by sure experience taught  
 That MICE might be in artful Prisons caught,  
 Musing thereon, such fetters I design'd,  
 As first the Foe suggested to my mind.  
 O ! by what mystick law does JOVE'S right hand,  
 Wond'rous to thought, the Universe command !  
 Thro' what blind mazes mighty causes err !  
 A Series, in " confusion regular " !  
 The MOUSE, unwilling, mollifies our grief,  
 And he, who gave the wound, now brings relief ;  
 Nor for the teacher's sake the skill despise,  
 'Tis no disgrace to learn what Foes advise.

22

*HÆC ubi dicta, domum repetit, comitantur euntem  
 Plaudentes populi, atque benigna laboribus optant  
 Omina. Tum celeri sua quisque ad limina cursu  
 Nuncius it, Laribusque refert, quae munera Taffi  
 Ingenio speranda forent; dumque ordine narrant  
 Omnia, dumque Deis ut tanta incoepa secudent,  
 Vota ferunt, monitae praesago pectore Feles,  
 Plus solito lusere, & (si fas credere Famae)  
 Sub manibus matrum saliere coagula lactis.*

Interea TAFFI manibusque animoque vicissim  
 Instat magno operi, & “Divina Palladis arte  
 Muscipulam aedificat”; fit machina mira, novaque  
 Induitur vultus specie Tragi-comica moles.

24

*QUIN age, si tibi, Musa, vacat, spectacula pandas  
 Infantis fabricae, & percurrrens singula, totam  
 Compagem expedias. Quadrati lamina ligni  
 Summum inumque tegit; Filorum ferreus ordo  
 Munat utrumque latus, parvisque uti fulla columnis  
 Stat domus; Introitus patet insidiosus, amicum  
 Muribus hospitium ostentans; sed desuper horret  
 Janua, perniciem minitans, tenuique Ruina  
 Suspensa est Filo; (usque aded sua stamina Parcae  
 Muribus intexunt, & pendent omnia Filo.)  
 In summo tecti, medidque in parte tabellae,  
 Stat lignum, erectum, scisso cum vertice, cui Trabs  
 Parvula transversim inseritur, justèque librata  
 Utrinque extendit palmas, quarum altera quantum  
 Deprimatur, tantum annexam levat altera Portam.*

23

H E said, and to his mansion strait repairs ;  
 Th' applauding throug accompany with Pray'rs, }  
 And wish good omens may attend his cares.  
 Swift-running then they seek their own abodes,  
 And fondly tell before their house-hold Gods,  
 What public blessings they expect to gain,  
 From some brave work of TAFFY'S pregnant brain ;  
 And while they ev'ry circumstance repeat,  
 And humbly, from the Gods success intreat,  
 The CATS admonish'd, with presageful mind,  
 Were more than usually to play incline'd,  
 And milky curds, (if we may credit Fame,)  
 Dancing beneath her hands, amaze'd each Dame.

M E A N - T I M E with head, and hands, great TAFFY tries  
 To frame the mighty work, his dire device,  
 At length, he builds a MOUSE-TRAP ; which was made  
 Like the fame'd (i) TROJAN HORSE, by PALLAS' aid :  
 Appears the TRAGI-COMIC pile in view,  
 A dread Machine, most wonderful and new.

25

A N D thou, my Muse, if time admits Delay, }  
 The infant-fabric trace with swift survey,  
 And the whole structure, in each part, display ! }  
 Quadrangular in form, the roof, and floor,  
 Of two flat boards are made ; plain and secure :  
 Each side is guarded with a steely row  
 Of wires, which like to slender columns show,  
 Fix'd on these slender columns stands the house,  
 Th' insidious open entrance shews the MOUSE  
 An hospitable Inn,—but o'er his head,  
 Threatning destruction, by a feeble thread }  
 A gate suspended, fills the heart with dread ; }  
 (Alike, on MEN and MICE, the Fates attend,  
 Their Lives, alike, on feeble *Threads* depend ; }  
 Which, when the (k) CRUEL SISTER cuts alike }  
 (their Days must end.) }

Amid the roof, a post is seen to rise,  
 Which holds a transverse beam, of smaller size,  
 On either side, its well-pois'd arms extend,  
 The one depress'd, the other must ascend,

26

*Interiore domo, per Tecti exile foramen  
 Demissum pendet ferrum, quod mobile ludit  
 Hinc illuc facili tactu; curvatur in Humum  
 Infima pars, Escamque tenet; Pars altera prendit  
 Perfidiosa trabem extremam, at cum senserit Hostem  
 Lethales gustasse cibos, mora nulla, solutam  
 Dimittit Portam, primumque ulciscitur ictum.*

*HIS ita dispositis, pendentem protinus hamum  
 Induit insidijs TAFFI, exitiosaque Muri  
 Ipsa Alimenta facit, sed quod fragrantior esset  
 Caseus, et Murem invitaret longius, escam  
 Fatalem torret Flammis, vimque addit odori.*

28

*ET jam nox memoranda aderat, cum fessa cubili  
 Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinar amicum  
 Muscipulam statuit, fidoque satellite tutus  
 Indulsit facili somno. Gens improba, Mures  
 Lascivi interea exiliunt, noctisque silentis  
 Praesidio confisi errant: tum naribus acer  
 Mus quidam, dux eximius, Dijs natus iniquis,  
 Castra inimica petit, quo grato flamine tostus  
 Caseus allexit. Venienti prima resistunt  
 Clathra, aditumque negant; sed turpem ferre repulsam  
 Ille indignatus, munimina ferrea circum  
 Cursitat et crispas nasum, introitumque sagaci  
 Explorat barbâ; jamque irremeabile Limen  
 Ingressus, Volique potens, tristem arripit escam  
 Exitiumque vorat laetus, potiturque ruina.*

27

And mounting, raise the Gate thereto annex'd ;  
 In a small ope'ning of the roof, is fix'd  
 A pendent wire, which readily obeys  
 The facil touch, and this, or that way, plays ;  
 Within the house, bent to a hook by art,  
 To hold the bait, appears its lower part,  
 The other End, perfidious, holds the Beam,  
 Where on the roof descends its arm extreme ;  
 But when it feels the Foe has seiz'd the bait,  
 Down drops, without delay, the loosen'd gate,  
 The first assault avenging with his Fate. }

With CHEESE, now TAFFY arms the pendent steel  
 And his Foes Death, does in their food conceal,  
 To which, that more it might inflame desire,  
 He adds new fragrance by the force of fire.

29

A N D now the memorable night roll'd on ;  
 TAFFY to ease his weary limbs lay down,  
 His friendly guardian TRAP was near him place'd,  
 While with soft slumber he his labours ease'd.  
 Mean-time, confiding to the silent gloom,  
 The MICE, lascivious, range around the room :  
 Their leader, born beneath some luckless Star,  
 Had smelt the flavour of the CHEESE from far ;  
 Quick, to the fatal Trap he makes his way,  
 And storms its pillar'd sides to gain the prey ;  
 In vain— ! his strongest efforts they oppose ;  
 Repuls'd, indignant, round the grates he goes,  
 And with sagacious beard, and wrinkling nose }  
 Exploring, finds and passes thro' the Gate, }  
 Irremeable, his bane, the direful bait }  
 He seiz'd, and joyful, feasted on his Fate. }

30

T A F F I, exaudito strepitu, quem pendula porta  
 Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur, thalamoque triumphans  
 Exiit, impatiens discendi quis novus Hospes  
 Venerat. Intered furit intus Ridiculus Mus,  
 Et fronte et pedibus pugnat, jamque intervallis  
 Clathrorum caput impingit, Ferrumque fatigat  
 Dentibus insanis. Sic olim in Retia Marsus  
 Actus Aper, fremit horrendus, sinuosaque quassat  
 Vincula, ludibrium Catulis, diffusa per Armos  
 It spuma, arreclaeque rigent in pectore setae

P O S T E R A Lux oritur, decurrunt montibus altis  
 Praecipites Cambri, nam cunctas venit ad aures

32

Res nova ; quippe Asinus, solita gravitate remissa,  
 Et jam pigris oblitus, lascivior Hoedo,  
 Ascendit Montem, quod Cambrum, dissonus ore,  
 Praeconem simulans, ter rauco gutture rudens,  
 Te celebrat TAFFI, ter publica narrat amicis  
 Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo  
 Tempore Legatus) per compita ubique, per urbes  
 Totâ Nocte errans, rostrum ferale fenestris  
 Stridulus impegit, cecinitque instantia Muri  
 Funera. Parturiunt Montes ; atque agmine denso  
 Penbro vice multus ruit incola, Merviniaequae,

31

DOWN from the hook, Lo the port-cullice falls !  
 Whose clangor from his slumber TAFFY calls,  
 TAFFY, triumphant, wild with hasty joy,  
 Leaps from the bed to see his welcom prey,  
 Who now imprison'd, fights with teeth, and nails,  
 Now madly, with his head, the grates assails ;  
 And from the foe that once disturb'd the house,  
 Is now become a most RIDIC'LOUS MOUSE.  
 Thus, (if great things with mean we may compare)  
 A (*l*) MARSYAN Boar, compell'd into the Snare,  
 His stiff'ning bristles rears ; — his bosom boils  
 With horrid rage, — he shakes th' entangling toiles ;  
 Furious, he throws the whiten'd foam around,  
 The Forests, echoing to his grunts, resound ;  
 Fearless, the Dogs around their prey resort,  
 And what was late their dread, is now their sport.

FROM lofty mountains, with the rising day,  
 Precipitant, the CAMBRIANS urge their way ;

33

For to each ear the pleasing news had flown,  
 His wonted gravity the Ass laid down ;  
 Now, nimbly-frisking, like a youthful Goat,  
 He mounts a Hill ; and with discordant note,  
 Hoarse, like a CAMBRIAN Cryer, thrice he brays ;  
 Thrice mentions TAFFY'S name with grateful praise : }  
 Thrice to his Friends proclaims the public joys.  
 The Owl, likewise (from that important hour  
 Instyle'd the CAMBRIAN AMBASSADOUR)  
 Wand'ring about all night, with shrilling cries,  
 To ev'ry Town, thro' ev'ry Street he flies ;  
 Clanging, he beats the Windows of each house,  
 And sings th' approaching fun'ral of the MOUSE.  
 The Mountains teem ; and thick'ning oe'r the plains,  
 From (*m*) Pembroke, and (*n*) Mervinia rush the Swains ;



34

*Quique tenent Bonium & Mariduni moenia vate  
 Incolta Merlino ; veniunt foecunda Glamorgan  
 Quos alit, & Vagae potor, rigidusque colonus  
 Gomerici Montis. Tum, circumstante coronâ,  
 Illudit capto TAFFI, iratumque lacessens,  
 Nequicquam lueteris, (ait) damnaberis Arae  
 Victima prima meae, memorique haec limina tinges  
 Sanguine ; Spes nulla est retrò fugientibus obstans,  
 Non exorandi Postes : Dabis improbe, Paenas  
 Pro meritis, Vitamque simul cum Carcere linques.*

*VIX ea fatus erat, cùm ludicra Felis aprico  
 Culmine desilijt Tecti, quo saepe solebat,  
 Cruribus extensis, molli languescere luxu.*

36

*Aspicit instantem Captivus, & erigit aures,  
 Gibbosoque riget Tergo, nec limen apertum  
 Jam tentare audet, sed in ipso Carcere solam  
 Spem Libertatis ponens, sua vincula prensat  
 Unguibus hamatis, pedibusque tenacibus haeret.  
 Excutitur tamen ; & Felis rapidissima praedae  
 Involat, & frustrâ luctantem evadere saevo  
 Implicat amplexu, crudeliaque oscula figit.  
 Nulla datur requies : agili sinuamine caudae  
 Gaudia testatur Victrix, & flexile Corpus  
 Lascivo versans saltu, modò corpore pronò  
 Attentè invigilat Muri, modò colla benignis  
 Unguiculis leviter palpans, mentitur amorem*

35

Those who inhabit \* BANGOR swell the throng :  
 The Crowd, from (o) MARIDUNUM rolls along ;  
 A City fame'd through-out the peopled Earth,  
 Prophetic MERLIN, thence derive'd his birth :  
 (p) GLAMORGAN'S well-fed Sons in order came,  
 And those who drink of (q) VAGA'S winding stream ;  
 And they whose ploughs divide (r) MONTGOMERY'S Soil,  
 A rugged race, inure'd to care, and toil.  
 Th' incircling Crowd, well-pleas'd, on TAFFY waits,  
 While mirthful, He, his Captive irritates ;  
 Condemn'd to bleed, thy struggling proves but vain, }  
 Thou, the first Victim, shall my Altar stain ;  
 Inexorable grates thy flight restrain :  
 Mischievous wretch ! receive thy righteous doom !  
 Depart thy Prison — but possess thy Tomb !

THESE, his last words, the playful CAT attends,  
 And from the warm house-top, in haste descends ;  
 Where, with extended legs, in times of peace,  
 She use'd to languish in luxurious ease.

37

The Captive saw his dreadful foe appear,  
 And soon, with stiff'ning ears, confess'd his fear ;  
 With back up-heav'd, he fain would shrink from Fate,  
 Yet, coward, dares not fly, but shuns the open gate ;  
 Unwilling from his Prison to be free,  
 In that, alone, his hopes of Liberty  
 Are plac'd ; — his bonds he labours to retain,  
 With claws tenacious clinging to his chain :  
 Superior force forbids his longer stay ;  
 With swiftest speed the CAT invades her prey ;  
 With cruel kisses She her foe persue'd,  
 Struggling, in vain, her savage grasp t' elude :  
 The Conqu'ror, now impatient of delay, }  
 Swift writhes her twirling tail to shew her joy ;  
 Then rolls her body in lascivious play :  
 Now, couchant, sees the hapless Pris'ner move ;  
 Then, lightly pats his neck, and acts a treach'rous love :

38

*Dum lacerare parat ; variâ sic arte jocosam  
Barbariem exercet, lepidâque tyrannide ludit.*

*A T nugis tandem defessa, nec amplius Iram  
Dissimulans, acuit Dentes, & more Leonis  
Impasti, incumbit praedae ; Jam pectore ab imo  
Murmurat, & tremulos artus, & sanguine sparsa  
Viscera dilaniat. Plebs circumfusa cruorem  
Invisum aspiciens, laetis clamoribus implent  
Æthera ; clamoresque Echo, Cambrae incola terrae  
Laeta refert ; resonant Plinlimmonis ardua moles,  
Et Brechin & Snowdon ; vicina ad sidera fertur  
Plausus, & ingenti strepitu Offae Fossa tumultu*

40

*Tu, TAFFI aeternum vives ; tua munera Cambri  
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotiesque revolvitur annus  
Te memorant ; Patrium Gens grata tuetur Honorem  
Festivoque ornat redolentia Tempora Porro.*

FINIS.



## Notes to the foregoing Piece.

**T**HE *Battle (a) of the CAMBRIANS and MICE.*) The Original KAMBROMYOMACHIA, is an Imitation of BATRACHOMYAMACHIA, or The Battle of the *Frogs and Mice*, mention'd in the Preface; from whence the Greek Motto in the Title-page is taken, by which it Appears, that the *Trap* which hath proved so fatal to *Mice*, was known to *Homer*: Yet the Invention of that *destructive Machine*, does not belong to his Country-Men the *Greeks*, but to the *Cambrians*; if we may credit the *Author* of the *Muscipula*, who asserts, that his Design therein, was not to derogate from their *Honour*, but to vindicate that *Dignity* which justly belongs to their *famous Nation*. He acknowledges, (in his Dedication of the Piece, to *Robert Lloyd Esq;*) That the famous Actions of his Country-Men, would better have furnish'd sublime Images for an Epic Poem, than Materials for this ludicrous Performance; yet that the glorious Achievements of the *Cambrians*, were not only unsuitable to a jocose Muse; but that even the *Latin Language*, was unequal to so noble a Subject, and it would have been unjust, to have described their gallant Deeds in any other Language, than that, which was spoken by the Heroes who performed them.

His only excuse, (since some People may fancy that He stands in Need of an Excuse,) is, That he wrote his Poem to celebrate the very great Antiquity of the *Cambrians*.

*Greece*, (says he) hath long since robbed many Nations of their Honour, and arrogantly assumed their Inventions for her own — From the *Chaldeans*, she stole her Astronomy; — From the *Phaenicians*, Letters; and even their *Jove* from the *Cretans*: But not contented with these Acquisitions,

sitions, she resolved to consummate her yet imperfect Glory, by adding the *Mouse-Trap* to her inventions. — And now! what *Briton* can suppress his Choler! when he is told, that *Homer* (whose Writings are not, as 'tis thought, more than three thousand Years old) ascribes this stupendous Machine to a Modern Artificer, which derives its Original from a far more Antient Artist, and from the Ingenuity of the *Welsh-Men*.

He therefore, thought it *absolutely* necessary, to defend the Fame of *Wales*, lest the *Greeks* might seem to emulate the *Cambrians* in Antiquity; or *Homer's* Engineer, deprive their *Taffy*, of his just Reputation.

I have translated this Account of the *Muscipula*, for the Satisfaction of the *Curious*; and to assure the *Censorious*, on the Word of my Author, That what they mistake for *Sahyr*; was intended for a *Panegyric*, on the Antiquity of the *Cambrians*, and their Skill in Mechanic Arts.

(b) *Smyntheus*,) A Title of *Phoebus*, or *Apollo*, the fabled God of Poetry, given to Him by *Homer*, and other *Poets*. — He was worship'd under that Name, at *Tenedos*, and *Chrysa*, near *Troy*; in a Temple, wherein his Statue was placed, having a *Mouse* at his Feet: The Reason whereof was this, according to *Callinous* an antient elegiac Poet; A Colony from *Crete*, going to *Troas*, receiv'd an Oracle from *Apollo*, ordering them to settle in the Place, where the *Children of the Earth* should attack them; and one Night, an infinite Number of *Rats* and *Mice* gnaw'd to Pieces all their Bucklers and other Leathern Utensils; and this they took for an Accomplishment of the Oracle. — Madame *Dacier's* Note on the Word in *Hom. II. 1*.

It may be supposed that *Apollo* destroyed these *Rats* and *Mice*, for *Smyntheus*, according to *Eustathius*, seems to be derived from *σμινθος* a *Mouse*, q. d. *μυοκλονθ* i. e. the Mouse-killer; which shews the propriety of the Epithet in this Place.

(c) *Cambria*,) *Wales*, so called from *Camber* King of that Country; the Son of *Brutus* who built *London*, and called it *Troja-nova* or *new Troy*, in Remembrance of *old Troy*;  
from

from whence his Grand-father *Aeneas* came: He died 1139 Years before Christ. — *Milt. Hist. Engl.*

(d) *Pindus*,) A Mountain, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*; supposed to be the Residence of the former, lying in *Epirus* in *Greece*; now called *Lower Albany*, a Sea Province under the *Turks*.

(e) *When mighty Julius, by his dreadful Sword,  
Compell'd the conquer'd Globe to call him Lord;  
While their poor Neighbor Britons were subdu'd  
The Cambrians, did his potent Arms elude, &c.*

It may be thought that this *Julius*, whose Conquests are said to be so Extensive, was *Julius Caesar*: But though he made two Expeditions into *Britain*, about 53 Years before *Christ*, yet the *Glory*, rather than the *Dominion* of *Rome* was encreased thereby; for notwithstanding his own Account of them, several Writers speak very doubtfully of his *British* Victories, and that in plain Terms, He was driven from the Island; as *Luocan*, in this noted Verse;

*Territa quaesitis ostendit arma Britannis.*

Fled from the *Britains*, whom his Arms had fought.

*Horace*, in a Compliment to *Augustus* says, The *Britains* were at that time untouch'd;

*Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet.*

*Sacra catenatus vid.*

Or *Britains* yet untouch'd, in Chains shall come,

To grace his Triumphs, thro' the Streets of *Rome*.

And *Tacitus*, a grave Historian, says, That *Julius Caesar* did not conquer *Britain*, but only shewed it to the *Romans*. So that our *Julius*, must be *Agricola*; who in the Time of *Domitian*, about 80 Years after *Christ*, subdued almost the whole *British* Nation; and among others, many of the *Cambrians* inhabiting *Herefordshire*; the rest fled into the Mountains and preserved themselves. The Words — *Orbe Subacto*, — must be read with Allowance for the Poetic License of putting the Whole for a Part. *Eachard. Milton. Cambden.*

(f) *Tedious*

(45)

(f) — *Tedious Pedigrees they boast,  
Their antique Tongue, and Freedom never lost.*

As the *Cambrians* are said to be the *true Britains* unmix'd with other People, their Families, and Language, are doubtless very antient. — They remain'd unconquered by the *Romans*; — *Tacitus*, and *Pliny*, say they were a hardy, stout, warlike People; averse to Servitude, of great Boldness, and Resolution; called by the *Romans* Obstinacy, and Stubbornness, not to be won by Threats or Kindness. — After the *Romans* had abandon'd *Britain*, and withdrawn their Forces; the other *Britons*, were miserably harrassed by the *Saxons*, but the *Cambrians* were secure, and free among their prodigious Rocks; — and confiding as well in their Strength and Courage, as in the Roughness and Situation of their Country, which may seem, in a manner, as if *Nature* had design'd it for Ambuscades, and prolonging of War; they resisted all their Enemies, and preserved their Liberty; 'till the reign of *Edw. I.*, when, (as he writes it of himself) *the Kingdom of Wales was subjected to him*: But in the next Age, nothing could induce them to endure their Servitude, nor could they be reconciled to the *English* Government, 'till *Hen. VII.*, descended from the *Welsh*, was favourable and easy to them; and *Hen. VIII.*, admitted them to the same Laws, and Liberties with the *English*; since that, and some Time before, the Kings of *England*, have found them of untainted Loyalty, and Obedience. — *Milt. Camd.*

(g) *Where now St. David's does her Fate deplore,*  
*An empty Name; her Prelates are no more,*  
*Half-buried sinks her City on the Shore.* }

*St. David's* lies in the more *Westerly* Parts of *Pembrokeshire*, on a Promontory, extended far into the *Irish Sea*. *W. Rufus*, seeing *Ireland* from hence, said *He could easily make a Bridge of Ships, whereby he might pass from Kingdom to Kingdom*. *Dewi*, a most religious Bishop, translated the Archiepiscopal Seat from *Kaer-Leion* hither; which from him was afterwards call'd *Ty Dewi*, i. e. *David's House*,  
And



And by the Moderns, *St. Davids*. It had its Archbishops for a long Time, but the Plague raging very much here, the Pall was translated to *Doll* in *Little-Britain*, which was the End of this Archiepiscopal Dignity: The *Britains* in Latter Times, to regain it, commenced an Action against the A. B. of *Canterbury*, Metropolitan of *England* and *Wales*, but were cast. — What kind of City it was formerly, is hard to guess, seeing it has been frequently spoil'd by the *Danes*, *Norwegians* and other Pyrates; at present it is a very mean Place. *Camd. Mr. Ed. Lhynd. Heyl.*

(h) *While Cadwallader's bright Name shall live.*

*Cadwallader* is said to have been the last King of the *Britains*, who having been thrown out by Faction, returned from Banishment, and invaded *Kentwin* the *West Saxon*; who had chased the *Welch Britains*, as is chronicled, tho' without Circumstance, to the very Sea Shore, about the Year 683; he proved victorious, then conquering the *Isle of Wight*, he gave the fourth Part of it to pious Uses; and being warned (as he thought) by an Angel, to go to *Rome*, he went thither; was baptized by — Pope *Sergius*, and called *Peter*; he put on a religious Habit, died 5 Weeks after his Baptism, in the Thirtieth Year of his Age, and was buried in *St. Peter's Church*: His Successors were no longer called Kings of *Britain*, but Kings, or Princes of *Wales*. — This Account of *Cadwallader* is collected from *Heylin's Cosm.* and *Baker's Chron.* But *Milton* says, that He, whom the *Britains* will have to be *Cadwallader*, their last King, was *Kedwalla* a *Saxon* of the Royal Line, and *Samme's* in his *Britannia*, says, That the *Britons*, mistaken by Similitude of Name, ascribe the Actions of the one to the other. — But the *British King Kedwallu*, or *Kadwallon*, was, perhaps, the famous *Cadwallader*, who with a great Army of *Britains*, joyning *Penda*, the *Mercian*; destroyed *Edwin*, the greatest King of all the *Saxons*, and a Christian, in Battle; and broke the Monarchy of the *Northumbrians*, which was chief in *Britain*. *Cadwallon* was a Christian, and *Penda* a Pagan; but the Christian King, is said (by *Milton*) to be more bloody than the Heathen; for he threaten'd

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threaten'd to root out the whole Nation, tho' then newly Christian, and omitting nothing of barbarous Cruelty in the Slaughter of Sex or Age, ravaged the Province at his Pleasure, 'till at last, he was cut off by *Oswald* (Brother to *Eanfrid*, who being of the Royal Line, had been banished to *Scotland* by *Edwin*; and learn'd the Christian Religion there,) with a small Christian Army; and He, and his boasted invincible Forces, were destroyed at a Place call'd *Heavenfield* or *Hatfield* in *Yorkshire*, near the antient *Roman Wall*. A. D. 634. *Camd. Mill.*

(i) *At length he builds a Mouse-Trap; which was made,  
Like the fame'd Trojan Horse by Pallas' Aid.*

*Pallas*, was the Heathen Goddess of Arts and Sciences,—The Original, exactly translated, would be — *At length he builds a Mouse-Trap*, by the Divine Art of *Pallas*: But as the *Author* has made Use of *Virgil's* Words, wherein he mentions the building of the Horse, which proved so fatal to the *Trojans*; the *Translator* presumed that it would appear more ludicrous to make the Simile, which is not injurious to the *Author's* Sense, who without doubt, had that famous *Machine* in View, when he applied *Virgil's* Expression on that Subject, to his *Mouse-Trap*.

(k) *Alike, on Men and Mice, the Fates attend,  
Their Lives, alike, on feeble Threads depend;  
Which, when the Cruel Sister cuts, alike their Days  
must end.* }

The *Parcae*, or *Fates*, according to *Ovid* in the Story of *Meleager*, pronounce the Fate of every one that is born; they were supposed to be three Sisters, their Names *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*. — To them was intrusted the Thread of Life: *Clotho*, draws the Thread between her Fingers: — *Lachesis*, turns the Wheel; — and *Atropos*, the most fatal of the Three, cuts the Thread which is spun, with a pair of Sheers. *Serv.* in *Virg. Æn. I.*

(l) *A Marsyan Boar compell'd into the Snare.)*  
*Marsya*

*Marsya*, a Part of old *Italy*, was famous for having a Breed of wild Boars, of a vast Size, and great Fierceness: The Hunters, with their Dogs, drove them into the Toiles which they spread for them; and when they were intangled in the Nets, destroyed them.

(m) *Pembroke*,) The chief Town of *Pembrokeshire*, the most pleasant County of all *Wales*. It is one direct Street, on a narrow Point of Land, all Rock; close to the Walls, on both Sides, ebbs and flows a forked Arm of *Milfordhaven*, which contains sixteen Creeks, five Bays, thirteen Roads, and is the most spacious and secure Harbour in *Europe*. — *Heyl*. and Add. to *Camden*.

(n) *Mervinia*,) *Meirionydshire*, in *North Wales*; of which *Giraldus Cambrensis*, quoted by *Camden* p. 655, saith, “That it is the roughest and most unpleasant County of all *Wales*, “For the Hills are extraordinary high, and yet very narrow, “and terminating in sharp Peaks; nor are they thin scatter’d, “but placed very close; and so even in height, that the Shepherds frequently converse from the Tops of them, who yet “in case they should wrangle, and appoint a Meeting, can “scarce come together from Morning ’till Night.” But in the Add. to *Camden*, p. 657, *Giraldus* is confuted.

(\*) *Bangor*, in the Original, *Bonium*;) according to *Camd.* it lies in *Flintshire*, an eminent City in the Time of *Antoninus*, and afterwards a famous Monastery, in which saith *Bede*, “There were so many Monks, that when they were divided “into seven Parts, having each their distinct Ruler appointed “them; every one of those particular Societies, consisted of “three hundred Men at least, who all lived by the Labour “of their own Hands. — *Britan.* 556.

(o) *Maridunum*,) *Caer-mardhin*, is so called by *Ptolemy*, the chief Town in *West-Wales*; here *Merlin* was born, said to be the son of an *Incubus*, (or Devil who deluded his Mother in human Shape) who has the Reputation of an eminent Prophet, among the Vulgar. *Ninnius* mentions him

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him first, but says, that *Merlin* confess'd to King *Vortigern*, that his Father was a *Roman*, which his Mother was afraid to own, lest she should be put to Death for it. All the Monkish Writers who mention him, call him either a Prophet, or Magician; they relate Wonders of him, and have preserved many Prophecies, pretended to be his: But *H. Lhwyd*, a judicious Author, says, he was a Man of extraordinary Learning, and Prudence; and that for some Skill in the Mathematicks, many Fables were invented of him by the Vulgar, which being afterwards put in Writing, were handed down to Posterity. *Camd.* p. 622, and the *Add.* to him. *Merlin* flourish'd, A. D. 480.

(p) *Glamorgan's well-fed Sons in order came.*) The Original is — *Veniunt foecunda Glamorgan quos alit*, — They came, whom fruitful *Glamorgan* nourishes. — *Glamorgan-shire*, is wash'd by the *Severn* Sea, on the *South*; on the *North* it is very rugged with Mountains, which inclining towards the *South*, become by Degrees more tillable, and spread into a spacious Plain, open to the *South* Sun, which is exceeding pleasant, for the Fertility of its Soil, and the Number of Towns and Villages there. *Camd.*

(q) *And those who drink of Vaga's winding Stream.*) *Vaga*, — the River *Wye*; runs Southward from *Monmouth*, with many Windings and Turnings, (says *Camd.* p. 596.) which may justify the Epithet, *winding*, in *English*, though it is not expressed in the *Latin*; unless the Name *Vaga*, imports its winding Course. It's now the Limit between *Gloucestershire* and *Monmouthshire*, but was formerly the Boundary between the *Welsh* and *English*, — near *Chepstow* it falls into the *Severn* Sea.

(r) *Whose Ploughs divide Montgomery's Soil,  
A rugged Race enur'd to Care and Toil.*

In the *Latin*, *rigidusq; Colonus Gomerici Montis*. *Montgomery*, tho' it be a mountainous, yet is it in general a very fertile Country; having fruitful Vales, as well for Pasture,

ture, as arable Land. *Camd.* The Inhabitants, are an industrious and laborious People.

(s) *Brechin.*) This seems to be a Mountain, but I find none of the Name in *Camd.* He says that *Brecknock*, the Chief Town of the Shire, derives its Name from Prince *Brechanius*, of whom *Giraldus* gives this remarkable Account, — That he had 24 Daughters, and that they were all Saints. — Two Miles to the East of *Brecknock*, is a large Lake, which *Giraldus* calls *Clamosum*, from the terrible Noice it makes like a Clap of Thunder, at the Cracking of the Ice. It was this Lake, perhaps, that resounded the Shouts of the Victors.

(t) *Snowdon.*) The Mountains of this Name lie in *Caernarvonshire*, *Camd.* calls them the *British Alps*. They are vastly high, and no less inaccessible than the Alps themselves; and do all of them, encompass one Hill, which far exceeding all the rest in height, seems, I shall not say to threaten the Sky, but even to thrust its Head into it. *Camd.* p. 663. Such as have not seen Mountains of this kind, are not able to frame any Idea of them, from the Hills of lower Countreys: For whereas such Hills are but single Heights, or Stories; these are heap'd upon one another; so that having climbed up one Hill, we come to a Valley, and most commonly to a Lake, and passing by that, we ascend another, and sometimes a Third and Fourth, before we arrive at its highest Peaks. *Add. to Camd.* 667. The Height of *Snowdon*, measur'd exactly by Mr. *Adams*, is 1247 Yards. *Derh. Astro. Theol.*

(u) *And vast Plinlimmon's Rocks remurmur to the Sound.*) *Plinlimmon* rises to a great Height, and on that Side where it limits *Montgomeryshire*, sends out the River *Severn*; next to *Thames* the most noted River of *Britain*: It takes its Name, according to the Monkish Writers, from *Sabra*, who was thrown into it by *Guendoler*, Daughter of *Corineus* Duke of *Cornwal*; — Her Story may be found in a wretched Play, called *Lochrine*; falsely attributed to *Shakespeare*. —  
*Remurmur*

*Remurmur to the Sound.*) — The Word *Remurmur*, is frequently used by Mr. *Dryden*; and by Mr. *Pope*, in these fine Lines, describing the Noise of an Army in their March.

*Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,  
And heaves huge Surges to the trembling Shores,  
And groaning Banks, are burst with bellowing Sound,  
The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound.*

*Il. 2d. 249, &c.*

(*w*) *Offa's Dyke.*) *Offa*, the Eleventh King of the *Mercians*, was the most valiant and powerful of all the *English Saxons*; he proved victorious in many Battles; but in the Year 776, all the *Britains* both of *N. and S. Wales*, joyning together, invaded the Kingdom of *Mercia*; and made terrible Devastation in many Parts of the Country, wasting all with Fire and Sword: Whereupon *Offa* was constrained to make a Peace with the other *Saxon Kings*; and to turn all his Forces against the *Welsh*, who, unable to resist so great a Power, were obliged to abandon all the plain Country, between *Wye* and *Severn*, and retire to the Mountainous Parts, upon which Advantage, *Offa* immediately seized all the plain Country, planted it with *Saxon* inhabitants, annexed it to his own Kingdom, and caused a Ditch, or Intrenchment, to be made from Sea to Sea between his Kingdom, and *Wales*, to defend his Country from future Invasion. *Ech. p. 28.* This Dyke extended from the Mouth of *Dee*, to that of the River *Wye*, for the Space of about 90 Miles; many Parts of it are still to be seen. *Joan. Salibur*, in *Polyerat.* writes, that *Harold* established a Law, that whatever *Welsh-Man* should be found arm'd, on this Side the Limit he had set them, to wit, *Offa's Dyke*, his right Hand should be cut off by the King's Officers. *Camd. p. 585.* The Author of the *Addition to Camd.* says, that this Limit was not well maintained by the *English*; for the antient *British* Customs, and Names of Men, and Places, remain still, for some Space on the *English* Side, almost the whole Length of it. p. 587.

(*x*) *With Leeks their Temples Crown.*) It is said, That the Custom of wearing *Leeks* on *St. David's Day*, had this

Original.



Original: The *Welsh* gain'd a great Victory on that Day; the Battle was fought near a Place where many Leeks grew, which they pull'd up, and wore in their *Monmouth* Caps, to distinguish themselves from others, and they continue to wear them on that Anniversary, as an honourable Badge of their Bravery.

Whether the first of *March* was consecrated to the Memory of *Dewy*, or *St. David*, in the Note (*g*) who is thought to have suffered Martyrdom on that Day, or to *David*, the General in this Battle, I shall not determine, but leave it to the Criticks.

It may, in the Opinion of some Readers, who are unacquainted with the different Structure of *Latin* and *English* Verse, be thought a Fault in this *Translation*, that it contains more Lines than the *Original*; For their Satisfaction herein, I quote the following Passage, from the last Note, on the 23d Book of *Mr. Pope's Odyssey*, with a little necessary Variation.

*Mr. Broome*, the Author of that Note, having observed that there are but few Lines more in the Translation of the 23d Book, than in *Homer*, proceeds thus, "I speak it not as if this were a Beauty, it may as well be a Fault; Our Heroic Verse consists but of Ten Syllables, the *Latin* of Fifteen; as in this Verse, — *Monticolam Britonem qui primus vincula Muri*. We therefore write with the Disadvantage of Five Syllables; which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the Sense of One Line in the *Original*, within the Compass of One Line in a *Translation*, with any tolerable Beauty; but in some Parts where the Subject seemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what Success must be left to the judicious Reader." — From hence it appears, that Two Lines of the *Latin*, contain as many Syllables as Three in *English Verse*; which will, I hope, justify me on this Account.

## NOTES ON "MUSCIPULA."

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(1). *Benedict Leonard Calvert*, son of Benedict Leonard, Fourth Lord Baltimore, and Lady Charlotte Lee, his wife, and brother of Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore, was governor of Maryland from 1727 to his death in 1732. He was a great-grandson of Cecil Calvert, Second Lord Baltimore and First Lord Proprietary, and succeeded Charles Calvert, who was a kinsman.

(2). *Edward Holdsworth* was born in Hampshire, England, in 1684 and died in Warwickshire in 1746. He was a distinguished Latin poet and classical scholar and travelled much in Italy. He spent the greater part of his life as private tutor in the families of the wealthy gentlemen. His poem "Muscipula," first appeared in 1709. It was very popular, and was translated into English ten times during the eighteenth century. He was a noted student of Vergil. The Dictionary of National Biography contains a full sketch of him.

(3). On October 10, 1727, Governor Calvert opened the fourth session of the General Assembly, begun on October 6, 1725, with a speech in which he called attention to the death of George the First and the succession of George Second, to whom he recommends an address be sent from the Maryland Assembly. The Governor thanks the people, through their representatives, for their kind reception of him and promises to show "a perpetual attachment to your Interest." He recommends 1st, that "true Religious Worship and the Vertues becoming the Profession of Christianity be established," 2nd, that some method be found to render the Staple tobacco more beneficial. The British complain that it is shipped too late in the year, and that "Slavery is imposed on the Sailors by being obliged to Row it from far to the Waterside." The ships suffer from the worm, the sailors lose strength and the ships arrive in England in tempestuous season. Leaky ships and bad weather damage tobacco. 3rd, A reënactment of the Assize Law (which has expired) is needed to save witnesses and jurymen from the need of attendance at the Provincial Court by permitting certain cases to be tried at the County seats. 4th, The law regulating taverns should be continued. 5th, The commissioners who had the old records copied should be thanked, the copies kept in a different place from the originals, so as to avoid danger from fire, and the Assembly Journals should be "transcribed into large and Strong Books." Harmony of action is urged. The Lord Proprietary "Neither desires the destruction of your Liberty nor of his own prerogative. To me he gave this just Rule



for my Administration that Prerogative and Privilege should have each their due."

(4). *Our staple*, of course, is tobacco.

(5). It has not seemed within the province of this reprint to add notes explaining all the allusions and quotations found in the poem and notes. On the last line of page 32 of the Latin text, Penbrochio should probably read Penbrochia. In the translator's notes, the pagination, but not the lineation, of the original has been preserved. The Greek quotation referred to on page 42 cannot be identified, as we have not the title page. The dedication to Robert Lloyd, referred to on the same page, was not reproduced in the Annapolis edition. On page 43, Smyntheus should be Smintheus, Callinus should be Callinus, and *μυκαλονθ, μυκατόνος*. On page 44, last line, *b* should be omitted from Camden.

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